National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors. | Without Concealment—Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

A PUNGENT SPEECH.

In reporting the proceedings of the Convention of the New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Buffalo, we (the *N. O. Picayune*) quoted some adroit resolutions introduced by the Rev. Mr. Ross, of Tennessee, in retort or reply to certain resolutions instituting an investigation into the relations of Southern church members towards Slavery. On that occasion Mr. Ross delivered a speech, which we find reported in the New York *Journal of Commerce*. It carried the war back literally into Africa, and dissected the hypocrisy of Abolitionism in such cutting terms that we must amuse and interest our readers by a few extracts. After presenting his counter resolutions, he proceeded:

Mr. Moderator, I move this amendment in the best spirit. I desire to imitate the committee in their refinement and delicacy of distinction. I disavow all intention to be impertinently inquisitorial. I intend to be inquisitorial, as the committee say they are—but not impertinently so. No, sir; not at all; not at all (laughter). Well, sir, we of the South, who desire the removal of the evil of Slavery, and believe it will pass away in the developments of Providence, are grieved when we read your graphic, shuddering pictures of the "middle passage"—the slave ship, piling up her canvass, as the shot pours after her from English or American guns—see her again and again hurling hogshead after hogshead, filled with living slaves, into the deep, and thus lightened, escape. Sir, what horror to believe that clipper ship was built by the hands of Northern, noisy, Abolition church members! ["Yes, I know some in New York and Boston, said one in the crowd."] Again sir, when we walk along your Broadways, and see, as we do, the soft hands of your church members sending off to the South, not only clothing for the slave, but manacles and whips, manufactured expressly for him—what must we think of your inconsistency of character? [True, true.] And what must we think of your self-righteousness, when we know your church members order the sale of slaves—yes—slaves such as St. Clair's—and under circumstances involving all the separations and all the loathsome things you so mournfully deplore. Your Mrs. Stowe says so, and it is so, without her testimony. I have read that splendid bad book. Splendid in its genius, over which I have wept, and laughed, and got mad [here some one said, "all at the same time?"]—yes, all at the same time. Bad in its theology, bad in its morality, bad in its temporary evil influence here in the North, England, and on the continent of Europe; bad, because her isolated cruelties will be taken (whether so meant by her or not), as the general condition of Southern life—while her Shelbys, and St. Clares, and Evas, will be looked upon as angel visitors, lingering for a moment in that earthly hell. The impression made by the book is a falsehood.

Sir, why do your Northern church members and philanthropists buy Southern products at all! You know that you are purchasing cotton, rice, sugar sprinkled with blood, literally, you say, from the lash of the driver! Why do you buy? What's the difference between my filching this blood-stained cotton from the outraged negro, and you standing by, taking it from me? What's the difference? You yourselves say, in your abstractions, there is no difference. And yet you daily stain your hands in this horrid traffic. You hate the traitor, but you love the treason. Your ladies, too, O, how they shun the slave owner, at a distance, in the abstract. But, alas! when they see him in the concrete—when they see the slave owner himself standing before them—not the brutal driver, but the splendid gentleman, with his unmistakeable grace of carriage and ease of manners—why, lo! behold the lady says: "O, fie on your Slavery—what a wretch you are! But, indeed, sir, I love your sugar: and truly, truly, sir, wretch as you are, I love you too." Your gentlemen talk just the same way when they behold our matchless women. And well for us all it is that your good taste and hearts can thus appreciate our genius, and accomplishments, and fascinations, and loveliness, and sugar, and cotton. Why, sir, I hear this morning from one pastor only, of two or three of his members thus intermarried in the South. May I thus give the mildest rebuke to your inconsistency of conduct? [Much good natured excitement.]

Sir, may we know who are the descendants of the New England kidnappers. What is their wealth? Why, here you are, all aroud me. You, gentlemen, made the best of that bargain. And you have kept every dollar of your money from the charity of emancipating the slave. You have left us, unaided, to give millions. Will you now come to our help? Will you give dollar for dollar to equalize our loss? [Here many voices cried out, "Yes, yes, we will."]

Yes, yes! Then pour out your millions. Good. I may thank you personally. My own emancipated slaves would to-day be worth greatly more than $20,000. Will you give me back $10,000? Good. I need it now.

I recommend to you, sirs, to find out your advocates of murder—your owners of stock in underground railroads—your Sabbath-breakers for money. I particularly urge you to find Legree, who whipped Uncle Tom to death. He is a Northern gentleman, although having a somewhat Southern name. Now, sir, you know the Assembly was embarrassed all yesterday by the inquiry how the Northern churches may find their absent members, and what to do with them. Here then, sir, is a chance for you. Send a committee up Red River. You may find Legree to be a Garrison, Phillips, Smith, or runaway husband, from some Abby Kelly. [Here Rev. Mr. Smith protested against Legree being proved to be a Smith—Great laughter.] I move that you bring him back to lecture on the cuteness there is in leaving a Northern church, going South, changing his name, buying slaves, and calculating without guessing what the profit is of killing a negro with inhuman labour above the gain of treating him with kindness.

I have little to say of spirit rappers, woman's rights conventionists, Bloomers, cruel husbands or hen-pecked. But if we may believe your own serious as well as caricature writers, you have things up here, of which we, down South, know very little indeed. Sir, we have no young Bloomers, with hat to one side, cigar in mouth, and cane tapping the boot, striding up to mincing young gentlemen, with long curls, attenuated waist, and soft velvet face—the boylady to say, "May I see you home, sir?"—and the ladyboy to reply, "I thank ye—no—Pa will send the carriage." Sir, we of the South don't understand your Women's Rights Conventions.—Women have their wrongs. "The song of the shirt"—Charlotte Elizabeth—many, many laws tell her wrongs. But your Convention ladies despise the Bible. Yes, sir—and we of the South are afraid of them, and for you. When women despise the Bible, what next? Paris—then the city of the Great Salt Lake—then Sodom, before and after the Dead Sea. O, sir, if Slavery tends in any way to give the honour of chivalry to Southern young gentlemen towards ladies, and the equisite delicacy and heavenly integrity and love to Southern maid and matron, it has then a glorious blessing with its curse.

Sir, your inquisitorial committee and the North, so far as represented by them (a small fraction I know), have, I take it, caught a Tartar this time. Boys say with us, and everywhere I reckon—"You worry my dog, and I'll worry your cat." Sir, it is just simply a fixed fact—the South will not submit to these questions. No, not for an instant. We will not permit you to approach us at all. If we are morbidly sensitive, you have made us so. But, you are directly and grossly violating the constitution of the Presbyterian Church. The book forbids you to put such questions. The book forbids you to begin discipline. The book forbids your sending this committee to help common fame bear testimony against us. The book guards the honour of our humblest member, minister, church, Presbytery, against all this impertinently inquisitorial action. Have you a prosecutor, with his definite charges and witnesses? Have you a request from the South that you send a committee to inquire into slanders? No. Then hands off. As gentleman you may ask us these questions—we will answer you. But ecclesiastically you cannot speak in this matter. You have no power to move as you propose.

Selections.

"TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. STOWE, AND WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH IT."

In our young days, "when George the Third was king," we remember hearing of a cobbler who boasted that his majesty had spoken to him. "And what did he say to you?" was the natural query. "He bid me get out of the way," proudly replied the cobbler. In like manner we may exalt our horn, inasmuch as we learn that Frederick Douglass has noticed us in his paper, for the first time, in the eighth revolving moon of our editorial existence—and in a style not a whit more complimentary than that with which the buried majesty of England honoured the humble disciple of Saint Crispin. The "great Rochester Anti-Slavery lion" (to borrow the metaphor applied by a friend of ours many years since to George Thompson) comes roaring at us terribly, lashing his tail, and talking of clubs and whips in a way that would make us tremble, and rob our shoulders, and take every means to ascertain that we have any whole bones left—had we penned an article that offended him, in which some hints were offered to Mrs. Stowe on the best appropriation of the money placed at her disposal for the benefit of the Anti-Slavery cause.

As the funds of the American Abolitionists, in proportion to the vastness of the work that lies before them, are much smaller than those of any other philanthropic enterprise in the United States, it does not seem to us so unreasonable to suggest that the money confided to Mrs. Stowe be expended for strictly Anti-Slavery purposes. The Anti-Slavery enterprise was not undertaken for the purpose of feeding, clothing, or educating the free coloured people; nor for the purchase and liberation of individual slaves, or the relief of isolated cases of suffering, or to promote the escape of fugitives, or to found industrial institutions in Canada, or to forward emigration to the West Indies or anywhere else. All these objects might be attempted, at a cost far beyond the entire funds of the Abolitionists; and still, if no more were attempted, but little would be done to undermine that corrupt public sentiment which supports Slavery.

Mr. Douglass tells us he has been "thundering" these twelve years against Slavery, and still there are three millions of slaves in the United States. We thought that in view of the tremendous opposition and powerful interests arrayed against them, the Abolitionists rejoiced that their "thunder" had done so much. Rome was not built, nor will Slavery be overthrown, in a day. In such an enterprise many will fall in the breach, and the very ablest man may feel thankful if he has been made instrumental in ever so slight a degree in promoting the Abolition of Slavery.

He wishes to know whether the coloured people are to wait till Slavery is abolished before they make any attempt to have their children educated. By no means. Notwithstanding all their disadvantages, there is still spirit and enterprise enough left among multitudes of the free coloured people to maintain their own churches and pay their own ministers; and we do not see why they cannot support their own schools, with whatever assistance they can get from their white friends. We rejoice in everything that is done to help them, provided the funds for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause be not diverted to the benefit of those who have gained the priceless treasure of liberty. This would be like appropriating the funds of an hospital for the sick, to establish and support a gymnasium for the benefit of the healthy.

Mr. Douglass is sure the obnoxious remarks were not penned by a *coloured* Abolitionist, but by some one who lives at ease, and whose own children's education is carefully looked after—and here he has evinced his wonted sagacity. They were communicated by one who has been much longer connected with the Anti-Slavery cause than himself; whose services to it have been far greater than his own; and who has sacrificed more to its promotion than he has ever done or is likely to do. If such a one respectfully suggests to Mrs. Stowe (who has entered but lately into the field of Anti-Slavery labour) that Anti-Slavery money had better be solely appropriated to Anti-Slavery purposes, since all that comes from every source for this object is far less than the occasions demand; it is absurd to impute "mock philanthropy" and "sham Christianity" as the motives. The promoter of Coloured Schools, the member of the Vigilance Committee, and the Abolitionist each puts in his claim. The claim will be influenced not by the *colour* of the applicant, but by his sense of the relative importance of the object he has in view. The beggar looks upon his daily dole as more important, as truer charity, than any plans for the removal of the causes of pauperism. The slave feels more overflowing gratitude to the man who pays down the money for his liberation, than for all the Abolitionists who are labouring to uproot the system that makes chattels of him and of millions of his race. This is all quite natural; but we wonder that Frederick Douglass should so readily fall into the views of a writer in the *Troy Family Journal*, quoted in the very copy of his paper on which we are now commenting, who recommends him to "renounce his evil ways, and worse associates, his impossible schemes and unchristian warfare," and, "like the judicious Roberts," to "stand forth a sober advocate of reforms approved by the great majority of his countrymen"—by which we understand that, eschewing Abolition and Abolitionists, he should devote himself to the establishment of coloured schools, domestic missions, and the efforts of the Colonization Society.

It appears to us that Mr. Douglass labours under a very erroneous idea of the amount of money confided to Mrs. Stowe in Great Britain. Unless we are greatly mistaken, this will not be found to exceed 20,000 dollars from the three kingdoms; and of these upwards of 5000 are from Scotland, the poorest and least populous of the three. Now, this sum would go a short way in the maintenance of Anti-Slavery agents, the support of Anti-Slavery papers, or the distribution of Anti-Slavery tracts or other publications. It would scarcely purchase twenty healthy slaves, or support any great number of coloured schools, or industrial coloured settlements. The existence of Slavery in the South is the cause of the sufferings of the free coloured people at the North; and so long as Slavery remains in her pride of place, it will be difficult to do much to elevate or educate them. It is perfectly right that Mr. Douglass should freely comment on any views he thinks wrong, but it is odd that the editor of an Anti-Slavery paper, who is also an eminent Anti-Slavery orator, should designate as "arrant nonsense, mock philantrophy, sham christianity, and empty-headed philosophy," a suggestion that money designed to promote the Abolition of Slavery should be devoted really to that object. It is absurd that such slight provocation should suffice to make him talk like an ogre of "wielding his whip," making us "feel the weight of his club," and other savage flowers of rhetoric. People who attribute such odious dispositions to their friends, without very substantial reasons for doing so, should avoid excitement and look to the state of their general health as promptly as possible.

Mr. Douglass speaks with warm affection and veneration of Mr. Gerrit Smith, and is sure he never penned the offensive article. It is quite true, he never did. No friend to the slave or coloured freeman can weary of the praise of Mr. Smith's courageous, munificent, noble character. But he has had the opportunity of conferring substantial benefits on individuals in a thousand ways, that people of more limited means could not attempt. He has enjoyed in an eminent degree what no one has better deserved, "the luxury of doing good." Still, there are many labourers in the Anti-Slavery cause who, in their measure and according to their gifts, have done as well. It does not follow, because every body has not vast possessions and a heart to distribute them, that they cannot do as much for the slave in some other way. One brings a ready pen, a second his eloquence, a third the sinews of war, a fourth wisdom in counsel, a fifth his hopeful courage, a sixth his cheering sympathy. None of these would be sufficient without the rest. Mr. Smith possesses them all in an eminent degree; yet he might have written the article "On the Establishment of Schools for Coloured Children as an Anti-Slavery instrumentality," which was published in the *Advocate for May*—and a very good article it was—without any reasonable imputation of his wisdom or benevolence.

Mr. Douglass is unjust to the Americans in his comparison between their disposition to give and that of the British people. According to their ability there is no nation more open-handed. If the Englishman gives pounds while the American gives dollars, it is merely because his standard of value is different. Wherever money is cordially answered, in England and the United States, it will, as a general rule, be freely spent. The most eminent instances of English munificence have been fully equalled, in proportion to their means, by Arthur Tappan, Gerrit Smith, Francis Jackson, Wendell Phillips, and other Abolitionists. The money collected in pence or pounds, and entrusted to Mrs. Stowe, was insignificant as a test of national open-handedness, when compared with the sums that have been poured into the Anti-Slavery treasury from time to time for the last twenty years in the United States. It was, however, not intended as a great national effort, but merely as a simple token of sympathy and respect to the gifted authoress. In our opinion, the noble qualities of the soul have never been more largely displayed in any nation than by that portion of the American people called Abolitionists—one of the most devoted and most gifted of whom has just come in for the weight of Mr. Douglass's club, and the terrible flourish of his whip.—*London Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

RANTOUL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

One day along the electric wire
His manly word for Freedom sped;
We came next morn; that tongue of fire
Said only, "He who spake is dead!"

Dead! while his voice was living yet,
In echoes round the pillared dome;
Dead! while his blotted page lay wet
With themes of state and loves of home!

Dead! in that crowning grace of time,
That triumph of life's zenith hour!
Dead! while we watched his manhood's prime
Break from the slow bud into flower!

Dead! he so great and strong and wise
While the mean thousands yet drew breath;
How deepened, through that dead surprise,
The mystery and the awe of death!

From the high place, whereon our votes
Had borne him, clear, calm, earnest, fell
His first words, like the prelude notes
Of some great anthem yet to swell.

We seemed to see our flag unfurled,
Our champion waiting in his place
For the last battle of the world,
The Armageddon of the race.

Through him we hoped to speak the word
Which wins the freedom of a land;
And lift, for human right, the sword
Which dropped from Hampden's dying hand.

For he had sat at Sydney's feet,
And walked with Pym and Vane apart;
And, through the centuries, felt the beat
Of Freedom's march in Cromwell's heart.

He knew the paths the worthies held,
Where England's best and wisest trod;
And, lingering, drank the springs that welled
Beneath the touch of Milton's rod.

No wild enthusiast of the right,
Self-poised and clear, he showed alway
The coolness of his Northern night,
The ripe repose of autumn's day.

His steps were slow, yet forward still
He pressed where others paused or failed;
The calm star clomb with constant will—
The restless meteor flashed and paled!

Skilled in its subtlest wile, he knew
And owned the higher ends of Law;
Still rose majestic on his view
The awful Shape the schoolman saw.

Her home the heart of God; her voice
The choral harmonies whereby
The stars, through all their spheres, rejoice,
The rhythmic rule of earth and sky!

We saw his great powers misapplied
To poor ambitions; yet, through all,
We saw him take the weaker side,
And right the wronged and free the thrall.

Now, looking o'er the frozen North
For one like him in word and act,
To call her old, free spirit forth,
And give her faith the life of fact—

To break her party bonds of shame,
And labour with the zeal of him
To make the Democratic name
Of Liberty the synonym—

We sweep the land from hill to strand,
We seek the strong, the wise, the brave,
And, sad of heart, return to stand
In silence by a new-made grave!

There, where his breezy hills of home
Look out upon his sail-white seas,
The sounds of winds and waters come,
And shape themselves to words like these:

"Why, murmuring, mourn that he, whose power
Was lent to Party over long,
Heard the still whisper at the hour
He set his foot on Party wrong?

"The human life that closed so well,
No lapse of folly now can stain;
The lips whence Freedom's protest fell,
No meaner thought can now profane.

"Mightier than living voice his grave
That lofty protest utters o'er;
Through roaring wind and smiting wave
It speaks his hate of wrong once more.

"Men of the North! your weak regret
Is wasted here; arise and pay
To Freedom and to him your debt,
By following where he led the way!"

* No more fitting inscription could be placed on the tombstone of Robert Rantoul than this: "He died at his post in Congress, and his last words were a protest in the name of Democracy against the Fugitive Slave Law."—*National Era.*

PROFESSOR W. G. ALLEN.—After the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, held in Exeter-hall last month, we were introduced on the platform to Professor W. G. Allen of Magrawville College, New York, and to his young wife, who were obliged to fly from the land of liberty for having got married. In the United States, there being no distinction of acknowledged rank among the whites, the full tide of public opinion surges with tremendous force against all who oppose it; and the influence of early education is such, that the marriage of a coloured man with a white woman is looked upon as an unpardonable sin. Professor Allen is a gentleman of colour, not unlike in complexion to our friend W. W. Brown. He has a pleasing, intelligent countenance, and, from the literary position he has held, is, we doubt not, a person of considerable attainments. Mrs. Allen is a white lady. Therefore, Brother Jonathan was affronted beyond measure, and the young couple were compelled to fly from under the shadow of the Stripes and Stars. They must now try to keep the wolf from the door. With this view, Professor Allen means to resume his occupation of lecturing as soon as the season comes round. American Slavery and the Colourphobist will be among his subjects, and we hope he may repeat his lectures on the "Origin, History, Literature, and Probable Destiny of the African or Coloured Race," which have been well received in the United States, and will probably be found just as interesting here. We welcome all refugees from foreign tyrannies, when, like Professor Allen, they are industrious and self-reliant, saving only for a short stay and begging for no special favour.—*London Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

[From the (London) Anti-Slavery Reporter.]

Since our last we have been favoured with copies of an address to Mrs. Stowe from the Committee of the *Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society*, and with Mrs. Stowe's reply. They will be read with much interest, and we have great pleasure in inserting them. A notice of this Society appeared in the May number of the *Reporter*.

Address from the Committee of the Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

DEAR MADAM—We beg leave to welcome you to Scotland, and to express to you our wishes that your visit to Britain may afford you much pleasure and satisfaction.

We offer you our grateful and cordial thanks for the production of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; a work which will ever endear you to every friend of liberty, which has exerted, and we believe will continue to exert, a powerful influence throughout the world, in hastening the abolition of Slavery, especially of Slavery in the Southern States of America; where three millions of your fellow-creatures, men, women and children, are held in detestable bondage, by those who are not only of the same lineage with ourselves, and who in their most solemn public documents declare that all are entitled to liberty, but hold by those who are professors of Christianity, which proclaims that one of its great objects is to give liberty to the captive, and to let the oppressed go free.

Our Society was formed in 1841, and was by its constitution based on the principle of uniting all in Anti-Slavery effort, irrespective of political or religious opinions; our main object was to co-operate with and aid the American Anti-Slavery Society, by contributions to the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, held at Boston. We have since that time annually done so, and have the pleasure of knowing that our contributions, with those from kindred societies in Britain and Ireland, have proved serviceable to our American friends, and to the Abolition cause.

Knowing the American Anti-Slavery Society to consist of many of the earliest, most earnest, and talented Abolitionists, and that it has faithfully adhered to the broad and catholic basis of its constitution; and believing it to be the most powerful public instrumentality to arouse and change public opinion in America, we consider it to be our privilege and our duty to continue our relations with them.

We will continue to aid, as we have hitherto done, other branches of the cause as occasions arise, and at the same time endeavour to keep up in this country a healthy state of public opinion, on the great question of universal emancipation.

We present our best wishes for your welfare, and pray that you may be long spared to give that powerful aid to the Abolition cause by which you have already been so greatly distinguished.

We are, dear Madam,
Yours respectfully and faithfully,
For the Committee of the Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society, MARY WELSH, ELIZA ANDERSON, } Secretaries.

Glasgow, 14th April, 1853.

To this address Mrs. Stowe returned the following reply:

GLASGOW, April 17, 1853.

To the Committee of the Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society.

I have read with satisfaction the address handed me, and desire to express to you my thanks for the many kind expressions it contains, and for the sympathy which it breathes for the great cause in which my labours are engaged. Deeply do I regret that my present feeble state of health has prevented me from a personal interview with you. But I have felt that if I would prolong my days of usefulness, and accomplish the good I might, it must be by careful husbanding of the little strength left me, especially in this crisis of great excitement and emotion. Although I do not, in some important respects, agree in opinion and practice with that branch of the Anti-Slavery party to which you adhere, still I deeply sympathize with the laudable zeal and earnestness, and highly appreciate the important services they have rendered in the cause of emancipation. It seems to me that the friends of this great enterprise, avoiding all causes of irritation or dispute, and agreeing to differ on points where they cannot seralike, and preserving each its own separate organization, should mutually strive to do all they can for the common work, assisting each other whenever opportunity offers, hindering each other never—and maintaining a twofold organization, simply as a means of preventing collision of opposite views. Such are the ideas which I have expressed to my respected friend, Mr. Garrison; for whom, notwithstanding on many points I find myself unable to agree with him, I feel a very sincere friendship and respect.

In this country, I am well aware you possess the power to do much for this sacred cause. Deeply would it be deplored should anything occur to discourage you, or turn you aside from that work; nor ought any to withhold from you the just tribute of honour and admiration, which disinterested devotion and genuine philanthropy ever merit. Wishing you every blessing, and an increasing measure of usefulness, and commending you to Him who came to open the prison-door and let the captive go free,

I remain, sincerely, your friend,
MARY WELSH, H. B. STOWE.
ELIZA ANDERSON,
For the Committee of the Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society.

On Thursday, May 26, an interesting meeting was held at Surrey Chapel School-room, convened by the ladies of Surrey Chapel, to present Mrs. Stowe with a testimonial, for her zeal and devotedness on behalf of the slaves of the United States.

Among the company present were the Duchess of Argyll, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Frederick Leveson Gower, Thomas Barnes, Esq., M.P., Joseph Tritton, Esq., J. A'Beckett, Esq., W. D. Child, Esq., W. Flanders, Esq., Godfrey Saunders, Esq., C. Burls, Esq., the Rev. C. Beecher, Rev. Thomas Binney, Rev. S. R. Ward, Rev. Baldwin Brown, Miss Greenfield the "Black Swan," and a large number of ladies.

After the company had partaken of refreshment in the library, they entered the large school-room, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, having been voted into the chair, opened the business of the evening in an eloquent address, the company having previously sung the 72d Psalm. The Rev. J. Sherman then read the following address from the ladies of his chapel to Mrs. Stowe:

TO MRS. H. B. STOWE.

DEAR MADAM—With great satisfaction and delight, the ladies of Surrey Chapel welcome the writer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* to their country and to their pastor's house.

We are convinced that the sentiments you have so courageously and faithfully circulated in that work accord with the declarations and requirements of Holy Scripture, and have found a cordial response in the hearts of the Christians of England.

Sensible of the wrongs which Slavery inflicts on all its victims, we cannot forget that woman suffers from those wrongs most severely. The delicacy of her frame, and the maternal trials to which she is subjected in the rearing of a family, even under happier circumstances, render her an object of sympathy and interest. But Slavery makes her a victim to passion, seeks to blunt her maternal instinct, deprives her of right to the child she has borne and nursed, separates her from her natural and loved protector, and inflicts on her weaker person the most cruel and unmerited punishment. Against such treatment by any ruffian we should have a right to enter our protest, and to seek the protection of law from his brutality. But our poor sisters in Slavery, who have equal natural rights with ourselves, are placed in their degraded and suffering state by law, by law denied instruction, by law their husbands and children are torn from their embrace, or they from both, and by law forbidden to elevate their intellect, improve their social condition, or seek in God's way the salvation of their immortal souls. Our hearts bleed on their behalf, and, if we knew how, fain would we help to release them from their sad bondage.

It is not a little gratifying to us to recollect that an honoured female in the Society of Friends was the first to propose immediate abolition as the proper remedy for the wrongs inflicted on slaves then held by England in her colonies. In this sentiment we heartily concur with respect to the slaves in America. Whatever moral and subordinate means we may employ to render slave produce less saleable in our markets, both by disuse of the articles and encouragement of free labour, we avow it as our unshaken conviction, that every woman, whether black as the tents of Kedar or fair as the curtains of Solomon, is entitled to the unconditional freedom which God has bestowed upon her.

We thank you, dear Madam, for aiming to rouse the ministers and churches of America to action on behalf of the slave. Perhaps we are less informed than we might be on the difficulties connected with their freedom; but we are satisfied religious principle carried their emancipation in the English Legislature, and we have faith in the heavenly sentiments of the Gospel, that if they be breathed from the pulpits of America, as you have recorded them in your immortal work, the Christian ladies of your country will put on their strength and urge upon your senators to remove this foul blot from your statute book. The ardent piety of *Uncle Tom*, which sustained him amidst so many reverses and sufferings; the ethereal spirit of little *Eva*, whose loving exhortations melted an untutored *Topsy*, and caused the long-cherished prejudices and stiffened habits of *Miss Ophelia* to soften into tenderness and affection for the poor outcasts, will do more to destroy the system of Slavery than unsanctified learning or violent vituperation. While, therefore, we admire beyond our power to describe the splendid genius and literary merit displayed in every page of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and its no less important companion, *The Key*, we are convinced that the religious tone, the scriptural arguments, and the loving pleas for the oppressed, which, like veins of precious ore, run through those books, have been the chief charms to every Christian mind, and the most powerful weapons against American Slavery.

Go on, dear Madam, in your illustrious career. Unawed by the frowns of callous slaveholders, or interested sophistries of time-serving professors. Pursue your pen again and again in the cause of God and humanity. You live in a right time—the public mind is prepared by Providence for your exertions. God has given you a tender heart, as well as a mighty mind, to attack this giant evil. Above 3,000,000 of your race, whose only crime is to have African blood in their veins, in an imploring attitude ask you still to be their friend, and help to free them from their oppressors. You will, we are sure, listen to their cry. We promise you our petitions, feeble as they are, at God's throne, that His Spirit may indite a good matter in your heart, and give you vigour of body to execute your noble design, and when it shall please your God and Saviour, to whom you now give the glory of all the talents He has bestowed upon you, to call you to sit on a throne which He has prepared, and to wear a crown which His own blood has purchased for your glory and renown, it will be no grief of heart to you to be welcomed by many thousands of emancipated negroes, whose your exertions have contributed to make ransomed heirs of the inheritance of the saints in light.

As a testimony of our affectionate interest in your person and family, and our appreciation of the services you have rendered to the abolition of Slavery, we beg your acceptance of a silver ink-stand.

The female figure is intended to represent yourself presenting the precious Book of God to a fettered slave. In a devotional attitude, he blesses his Heavenly Father for the gift, and asks that he may use the freedom which he anticipates aright; while a third figure, in a stooping posture, is breaking off his fetters, and unloosing his bands.

The design is by one of our eminent artists, and the execution by Burnard and Sons, who, by their skill, have contributed to improve taste in useful and ornamental workmanship. May it remind you of the gratitude of your sisters in England for your past services. May you be spared to a distant age to enjoy it in the cause of humanity and religion; and after you have served your generation, and by the will of God are fallen asleep, may your children continue to use it for the same high and holy purposes, and prove themselves a family which the Lord hath blessed.

The perusal of this excellent address was often interrupted by the hearty cheers of the audience. The magnificent ink-stand was then presented, and exhibited, and was much admired for its appropriate design and beautiful workmanship.

The Rev. Charles Beecher read the following reply from Mrs. Stowe:

I desire to present my thanks to the ladies of Surrey Chapel for this beautiful and durable token of their affectionate regard for myself, and still more, of their interest in the sacred cause of humanity, and of the best interests of my own country.

I may take this opportunity to say that I do believe that thousands of hearts in my own country feel that same generous sympathy with this cause which the people of England so freely express. But an unnatural combination of circumstances, for the present, keeps back the utterance of this feeling.

But I am fully persuaded that it is yet to be made manifest in America, and that the great moral victory, which has been so happily gained in England, is to be repeated in the United States. I am the more encouraged to hope this—that I see how God is pouring into the hearts of English Christians such a spirit of prayer for this event. It is true that the prison of the slave is very strong and high, firmly bolted, and terribly guarded; but we read in the New Testament of a disciple who lay sleeping in prison, between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and that prayer was made for him without ceasing day and night by the Church, and that the angel of the Lord descended, and smote off the chains, opened the prison doors, and led forth the captive. The spirit of prayer is God's forerunner; it is the shadow cast forward by the brightness of His rising—where it becomes fervent and universal, we know that His day is near. Pray, therefore, for prayer is the parent of effort; it is impossible to pray fervently without action.

For me, I shall long cherish with deep interest this memorial of your kindness. I may truly say I need no memorial to remind me of the sufferings and sorrows of those in bonds, especially the sorrows of enslaved and suffering woman.

He who searches all hearts knows that I have oftener need to forget than to remember those bitter wrongs, those deadly agonies, of which I have seen and known too much for my own peace.

May God, in his mercy, grant that the day of deliverance may come, and come speedily.

Mr. Beecher then addressed the company in an admirably pertinent speech, which we regret our limited space precludes us from introducing.

Miss Greenfield (called the *Black Swan*) sang a melody to the words "Weep not for Eva," after which Mr. Sherman asked Mrs. Stowe to receive a deputation of children, who were anxious to say a few words to her about the black children sold into Slavery. Mrs. Stowe having assented, a procession of beautifully-dressed children, of the ages of five to nine, formed at the end of the room, and walked up the aisle—the foremost bearing the Standard of England, and the last the Union Jack—to the platform, where Mrs. Stowe was seated. Master Gibson then read the following address:

DEAR MRS. STOWE—We little children, who love *Eva*, and pray to God to be made like her, beg you to accept this Golden Pen as a proof of our affection for you, and of our thanks to the Saviour who enabled you to write such a beautiful history of so sweet a child.

We recollect you have told us, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that there are many thousands of poor coloured children like *Topsy*, who are slaves. Forbidden by wicked American laws to be educated, they cannot read God's Word, and are sold and treated like things that have no souls. Sometimes they are taken away from their homes, and separated from their dear parents, and brothers and sisters, never to see them again. We remember, too, that we are taught useful knowledge to fit us for life, and, above all, to worship God and love Jesus Christ, and we pity and pray for the poor children who are not allowed to have such privileges. We think how much we should weep if wicked men were to take us away from our sweet homes, and our dear parents and kind brothers and sisters, and sell us to strangers, as *Mr. Haley* took away *Uncle Tom* from his weeping wife and children.

Therefore, dear Mrs. Stowe, with this golden pen, write more pretty books about the poor slave children in America; tell your President and senators, and slaveholders, that to black children as well as to white, God has given liberty to learn the blessed Bible, and to live with their fathers and mothers, and they have no right to rob them of it. And we will pray for God to help you, dear Mrs. Stowe, till every black child is as free as we are, and as happy.

The impression produced by this scene and address was very thrilling, and evidently much affected Mrs. Stowe. With great feeling, she thus addressed them:

Dear children, I thank you for this pen. I think it a very beautiful one; and now I will tell you what I mean to do with it. It sometimes happens that God gives me the great happiness of purchasing some poor slave, and giving him his freedom. Several times God has permitted me to have this happiness. I hope that hereafter I shall be permitted to do this many times. Now, whenever this happens, and I am about to write to a wife, a mother, a son, or daughter, that they are free, I mean to use this pen. I will take this pen to write the letters that shall make their hearts glad.

And now, little children, I want to say one thing to you. The blessed Jesus, when on earth, took little children in his arms, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The blessed Jesus, then, loves little children, and loves to hear them pray. I want you all, then, to pray to the dear Saviour that he will bring Slavery to an end, and make all the poor little slave children as free and happy as you are. And I think, if you will pray, Jesus will hear you.

The Rev. Thomas Binney then moved a vote of thanks to the Earl of Shaftesbury for presiding, and to the noble personages and others present, for their attendance and assistance in the work of emancipating the slaves. The resolution was seconded by Joseph Payne, Esq., and the Rev. S. R. Ward having addressed a few words to the meeting, the Earl of Shaftesbury returned thanks, and the proceedings terminated by the singing of the Doxology.

THE SILENT MEN.

Though there is wisdom in silence sometimes—under certain circumstances there is criminality too. There are causes in which it becomes a question whether a man can maintain silence and remain honest. To wit, an individual, cognisant of the existence of a great wrong somewhere, involving the interests, the natural rights, the liberty, the life of an innocent fellow-creature, and whose outspoken testimony against it would terminate that wrong, may possibly reconcile his conscience to silence on the subject. Such a creature we do not envy. His name would be held in execration by every right-minded, upright man; especially if he made an ostentatious profession of religious feeling, and of being guided by Christian principles; and in proportion to the number of victims whom his silence should be the means of injuring thus vitally, would be the severity of the condemnation he would receive. But if this holds good in the case of an individual, it is equally true of any body or association of men. Let us take the question of Slavery. No fouler national wrong exists; no national sin is more crying before God. Who so fitting to denounce it as those who make religion a calling, and who, professing to teach others the ways of holiness and virtue, thereby tacitly set up a claim for the possession of a higher degree of righteousness in their own persons?—Yet what is the position of the larger portion of the ministers of the American churches in respect of this immense wickedness? They either uphold the institution of Slavery, as one sanctioned by Divine authority, or abstain from alluding to it at all, though professing, when pressed, to regard it with pious horror, and even admitting that it is a sinful system. Now it is with these gentlemen we have particularly to do at this present time. Of such we would have all true Abolitionists beware. The pro-slavery minister who openly and boldly maintains that in his opinion Slavery is sanctioned by the Holy Scriptures, and therefore may be lawfully upheld by man, is to a certain extent honest. He may be in error as to the sanction he claims for "the peculiar institution," but at any rate he declares his belief, and people are not likely to be easily juggled into the delusion that he holds a different opinion. Such a man can be dealt with. He can be encountered on the ground he has himself selected, and argued with, and probably driven by the force of logic to adopt totally opposite views. The thing has been done before to-day, and will, doubtless, nay must, be done again, many a time yet, before Slavery is abolished. But what is to be said of the "wolves in sheep's clothing;" the ministers who secretly condemning Slavery, or affecting to do so, nevertheless gag their tongue and allow the hideous evil to grow and wax in strength? These are the men who, not less than the others, have brought the Christianity of the American churches into disrepute; so that it cannot be "the accepted of many," but is repudiated and rejected with loathing as a thing of the devil. And of this class are the delegates who come to England every year, to preach Christianity in our pulpits, and to prate of humanity, civilization, and universal brotherhood on our platforms. The associations who send them would scarcely have the temerity to accredit to any of our institutions a minister notorious for his pro-slavery sentiments, for the feelings of the British public are too well known to leave a doubt as to the kind of reception he would meet with. But a "silent man" is quite a different affair. Is he against Slavery? Who shall reply? Put the question and you shall straightway receive an emphatic answer in the affirmative. And who shall contradict him? He may safely challenge the incredulous questioner to prove that he ever spoke or preached in favour of the system, for the simple reason that he never opened his lips upon the subject at all; at least in public. Thus, in the absence of any evidence to implicate him in the heresy of upholding the system as a Divine institution, the "silent man" takes his seat on the platform by the side of some noble lord, and with an air of injured innocence and sanctimoniousness not to be matched, proceeds to condemn, in general terms, every sin save the one against which it is most important he should bear testimony, and returns to his own country to encourage others of a like character to "go and do likewise." But it is time this hypocrisy should be exposed, and a stop put to the practice of delegating "silent men" to this country, to take part in the anniversaries of our religious and benevolent associations. The men that are wanted on such solemn occasions are such as fear not to hear the echo of their own voice on their return: not those who either believing or affecting to believe Slavery to be a sin and a crime, nevertheless tacitly give it their sanction by holding their peace concerning it. These have not the excuse of the bolder pro-slavery minister

gers," and with much humiliation of manner attempt to justify their silent policy, as a means of propitiating a little favour. It is hard to resist such piteous appeals, but if the esteem of the British public is to them something worth the seeking and the cherishing, then let these "silent men" no longer hold their peace, but on their return home boldly enter the lists against Slavery, and buckling on the armour of faith as champions in the service of humanity, at once begin to fight the good fight with the weapons of righteousness, their war-cry being, "immediate and unconditional emancipation."

In these comments we have purposely abstained from bringing forward names. Our object is to expose a directly mischievious policy, not to hold up individuals to public reprobation. There is, however, one name which cannot thus be passed over. We allude to the Rev. Mr. Prime, the delegate of the *American Bible Society* to the *British and Foreign Bible Society*. Although he cannot be properly included in the class of "the silent men," his pro-slavery sentiments having found expression in the New York *Observer* (of which paper he is the junior editor), his mission to this country and the result of it have too important a bearing on the cause for us to withhold the facts relating to them from the Anti-Slavery public. It is not generally known that this gentleman really did come to England, and present his credentials in Earl street. A sort of semi-official letter, signed by the Society's Secretary, was published in one of the morning newspapers (in reply to an inquiry addressed to the editor), stating that the Rev. Mr. Prime had not reported himself. Perhaps this may have been strictly correct, for until his credentials were accepted, he could not be officially recognised by the Society, in his capacity of delegate. But in sober truth this was a mere stroke of official diplomacy, to save Mr. Prime and the Society from a painful public humiliation. The fact is, that on this gentleman's presenting himself, he was privately informed that the state of public feeling with respect to pro-slavery ministers generally, and to himself especially, as the villifier of Mrs. Stowe and her wonderful book, was such, that he had better not place the Society in the dilemma of either refusing to receive him, or, if they did, of risking the displeasure of the public. The hint was taken, and therefore Mr. Prime did "not report himself." He came, was seen, and vanished.

We believe that if these facts and such as these be made known throughout the length and breadth of the United States, the effect will be most salutary, and public associations and religious bodies will think twice before they venture to delegate to this country as their representatives, either "silent men," or others whose denunciations are prepared for foreign use only.

Again, we say: Abolitionists of England, beware of "the silent men."—(*Lon.*) *Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

Address of the Coloured National Convention

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: Met in Convention as delegates, representing the Free Coloured people of the United States, charged with the responsibility of inquiring into the general condition of our people, and of devising measures which may, with the blessing of God, tend to mutual improvement and elevation; conscious of entertaining no motives, ideas, or aspirations, but such as are in accordance with truth and justice, and are compatible with the highest good of our country and the world, with a cause as vital and worthy as that for which (nearly eighty years ago) your fathers and our fathers bravely contended, and in which they gloriously triumphed—we deem it proper, on this occasion, as one method of promoting the honourable ends for which we have met, and of discharging our duty to those in whose name we speak, to present the claims of our common cause to your candid, earnest, and favourable consideration.

As an apology for addressing you, fellow-citizens! we cannot announce the discovery of any new principle adapted to ameliorate the condition of mankind. The great truths of moral and political science, upon which we rely, and which we press upon your consideration, have been evolved and ennunciated by you. We point to your principles, your wisdom, and to your great example as the full justification of our course this day. That "ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL;" that "LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" ARE THE RIGHT OF ALL; that "TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION" SHOULD GO TOGETHER; that GOVERNMENTS ARE TO PROTECT, NOT TO DESTROY, THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND; that THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES WAS FORMED TO ESTABLISH JUSTICE, PROMOTE THE GENERAL WELFARE, AND SECURE THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY TO ALL THE PEOPLE OF THIS COUNTRY; THAT RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD—are American principles and maxims, and together they form and constitute the constructive elements of the American government. From this elevated platform, provided by the Republic for us, and for all the children of men, we address you. In doing so, we would have our spirit properly discerned. On this point we would gladly free ourselves and our cause from all misconception. We shall affect no especial timidity, nor can we pretend to any great boldness. We know our poverty and weakness, and your wealth and greatness. Yet we will not attempt to repress the spirit of liberty within us, or to conceal, in any wise, our sense of the justice and the dignity of our cause.

We are Americans, and as Americans, we would speak to Americans. We address you not as aliens nor as exiles, humbly asking to be permitted to dwell among you in peace; but we address you as American citizens asserting their rights on their own native soil. Neither do we address you as enemies (although the recipient of innumerable wrongs); but in the spirit of patriotic good-will. In assembling together as we have done, our object is not to excite pity for ourselves, but to command respect for our cause, and to obtain justice for our people. We are not malefactors imploring mercy; but we trust we are honest men, honestly appealing for righteous judgment, and ready to stand or fall by that judgment. We do not s[illegible]it unusual favour, but will be content with rough-handed "fair play." We are neither lame nor blind, that we should seek to throw off the responsibility of our own existence, or to cast ourselves upon public charity for support. We would not lay our burdens upon other men's shoulders; but we do ask, in the name of all that is just and magnanimous among men, to be freed from all the unnatural burdens and impediments with which American customs and American legislation have hindered our progress and improvement. We ask to be disencumbered of the load of popular reproach heaped upon us—for no better cause than that we wear the complexion given us by our God and our Creator.

We ask that in our native land, we shall not be treated as strangers, and worse than strangers.

We ask that, being friends of America, we should not be treated as enemies of America.

We ask that, speaking the same language and being of the same religion, worshipping the same God, owing our redemption to the same Saviour, and learning our duties from the same Bible, we shall not be treated as barbarians.

We ask that, having the same physical, moral, mental, and spiritual wants, common to other members of the human family, we shall also have the same means which are granted and secured to others, to supply those wants.

We ask that the doors of the school-house, the work-shop, the church, the college, shall be thrown open as freely to our children as to the children of other members of the community.

We ask that the American government shall be so administered as that beneath the broad shield of the Constitution, the coloured American seaman shall be secure in his life, liberty and property, in every State in the Union.

We ask that as justice knows no rich, no poor, no black, no white, but, like the government of God, renders alike to every man reward or punishment, according as his works shall be—the white and black man may stand upon an equal footing before the laws of the land.

We ask that (since the right of trial by jury is a safeguard to liberty, against the encroachments of power, only as it is a trial by impartial men, drawn indiscriminately from the country) coloured men shall not, in every instance, be tried by white persons; and that coloured men shall not be either by custom or enactment excluded from the jury-box.

We ask that (inasmuch as we are, in common with other American citizens, supporters of the State, subjects to its laws, interested in its welfare, liable to be called upon to defend it in time of war, contributors to its wealth in time of peace) the complete and unrestricted right of suffrage, which is essential to the dignity even of the white man, be extended to the Free Coloured man also.

Whereas, the coloured people of the United States have too long been retarded and impeded in the development and improvement of their natural faculties and powers, ever to become dangerous rivals to white men, in the honourable pursuits of life, liberty and happiness; and whereas, the proud Anglo-Saxon can need no arbitrary protection from open and equal competition with any variety of the human family; and whereas, laws have been enacted, limiting the aspirations of coloured men, as against white men—we respectfully submit that such laws are flagrantly unjust to the man of colour, and plainly discreditable to white men; and for these and other reasons, such laws ought to be repealed.

We especially urge that all laws and usages which preclude the enrollment of coloured men in the militia, and prohibit their bearing arms in the navy, disallow their rising, agreeable to their merits and attainments—are unconstitutional—the constitution knowing no colour — are anti-Democratic, since Democracy respects men as equals—are unmagnanimous, since such laws are made by the many, against the few, and by the strong against the weak.

We ask that all those cruel and oppressive laws, whether enacted at the South or the North, which aim at the expatriation of the free people of colour, shall be stamped with national reprobation, denounced as contrary to the humanity of the American people, and as an outrage upon the Christianity and civilization of the nineteenth century.

We ask that the right of pre-emption, enjoyed by all white settlers upon the public lands, shall also be enjoyed by coloured settlers; and that the word "*white*" be struck from the pre-emption act. We ask that no appropriations whatever, state or national, shall be granted to the colonisation scheme; and we would have our right to leave or to remain in the United States placed above legislative interference.

We ask, that the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, that legislative monster of modern times, by whose atrocious provisions the writ of "*habeas corpus*," the "right of trial by jury," have been virtually abolished, shall be repealed.

We ask, that the law of 1793 be so construed as to apply only to apprentices, and others really owing service or labour; and not to slaves, who can owe nothing. Finally, we ask that Slavery in the United States shall be immediately, unconditionally, and forever abolished.

To accomplish these just and reasonable ends, we solemnly pledge ourselves to God, to each other, to our country and to the world, to use all and every means consistent with the just rights of our fellow-men, and with the precepts of Christianity.

We shall speak, write and publish, organize and combine to accomplish them.

We shall invoke the aid of the pulpit and the press to gain them.

We shall appeal to the Church and to the Government to gain them.

We shall vote and expend our money to gain them.

We shall send eloquent men of our own condition to plead our cause before the people.

We shall invite the co-operation of good men in this country and throughout the world; and, above all, we shall look to God, the Father and Creator of all men, for wisdom to direct us and strength to support us in the holy cause to which we this day solemnly pledge ourselves.

Such, fellow-citizens, are our aims, ends, aspirations and determinations. We place them before you, with the earnest hope that, upon further investigation, they will meet your cordial and active approval.

And yet, again, we would free ourselves from the charge of unreasonableness and self-sufficiency.

In numbers we are few and feeble; but in the goodness of our cause, in the rectitude of our motives, and in the abundance of argument on our side, we are many and strong.

We count our friends, in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, among good men and holy angels. The subtle and mysterious cords of human sympathy have connected us with philanthropic hearts throughout the civilized world. The number in our land who already recognise the justice of our cause, and are labouring to promote it, are great and increasing.

It is also a source of encouragement, that the genuine American, brave and independent himself, will respect bravery and independence in others. He spurns servility and meanness, whether they be manifested by nations or by individuals. We submit, therefore, that there is neither necessity for, nor disposition on our part to assume a tone of excessive humility. While we would be respectful, we must address you as men, as citizens, as brothers, as dwellers in a common country, equally interested with you for its welfare, its honour, and for its prosperity.

To be still more explicit: we would, first of all, be understood to range ourselves no lower among our fellow-countrymen than is implied in the high appellation of "*citizen*."

Notwithstanding the impositions and deprivations which have fettered us—notwithstanding the disabilities and liabilities, pending and impending—notwithstanding the cunning, cruel, and scandalous efforts to blot out that right, we declare that we are, and of right we ought to be, *American citizens*. We claim this right, and we claim all the rights and privileges, and duties, which properly attach to it.

It may, and it will, probably, be disputed that we are citizens. We may, and probably shall, be denounced for this declaration, as making an inconsiderate, impertinent and absurd claim to citizenship; but a very little reflection will vindicate the position we have assumed from so unfavourable a judgment. Justice is never inconsiderate; truth is never impertinent; right is never absurd. If the claim we set up be just, true and right, it will not be deemed improper or ridiculous in us so to declare it. Nor is it disrespectful to our fellow-citizens, who repudiate the aristocratic notions of the old world, that we range ourselves with them in respect to all the rights and prerogatives belonging to American citizens. Indeed, we believe, when you have duly considered this subject, you will commend us for the mildness and the modesty with which we have taken our ground

By birth, we are American citizens; by the principles of the Declaration of Independence, we are American citizens; within the meaning of the United States Constitution, we are American citizens; by the facts of history, and the admissions of American statesmen, we are American citizens; by the hardships and trials endured—by the courage and fidelity displayed by our ancestors in defending the liberties and in achieving the independence of our land, we are American citizens. In proof of the justice of this primary claim, we might cite numerous authorities, facts and testimonies—a few only must suffice.

In the Convention of New York, held for amending the constitution of that State, in the year 1821, an interesting discussion took place, upon a proposition to prefix the word "*white*" to male citizens Nathan Sandford, then late Chancellor of the State, said, "Here there is but one estate—*the people*—and to me the only qualification seems to be their virtue and morality. If they may be safely trusted to vote for one class of rulers, why not for all? The principle of the scheme is, that those who bear the burdens of the State shall choose those that rule it." Dr. Robert Clark, in the same debate, said, "I am unwilling to retain the word '*white*,' because it is repugnant to all the principles and notions of liberty, to which we have, heretofore, professed to adhere, and to our 'Declaration of Independence,' which is a concise and just exposé of those principles." He said "it had been appropriately observed by the Hon. gentleman from West Chester (Mr. Jay) that by retaining this word, you violate the constitution of the United States." Chancellor Kent supported the motion of Mr. Jay to strike out the word "*white*." "He did not come to this Convention," said he, "to disfranchise any portion of the community." Peter A. Jay, on the same occasion, said, "It is insisted that this Convention, clothed with all the powers of the sovereign people of the State, have a right to construct the government in the manner they think most conducive to the general good. If, Sir, right and power be equivalent terms, then I am far from disputing the rights of this assembly. We have power, Sir. I acknowledge, not only to disfranchise every black family, but as many white families also, as we may think expedient. We may place the whole government in the hands of a few, and thus construct an aristocracy. * * * * * But, Sir, right and power are not convertible terms. No man, no body of men, however powerful, have a right to do wrong." In the same Convention, Martin Van Buren said, "there were two words which had come into common use with our revolutionary struggle—words which contained an abridgment of our political rights—words which, at that day, had a talismanic effect—which led our fathers from the bosom of their families to the tented field—which for seven long years of toil and suffering had kept them to their arms, and which, finally, conducted them to a glorious triumph. They were '*Taxation and Representation*.' Nor did they lose their influence with the close of that struggle. They were never heard in our halls of legislation without bringing to our recollection the consecrated feelings of those who won our liberties, or reminding us of everything that was sacred in principle. Ogden Edwards without said "he considered it no better than robbery to demand the contributions of coloured people towards defraying the public expenses, and at the same time to disfranchise them." But we must close our quotations from these debates. Much more could be cited, to show that coloured men are not only citizens, but that they have a right to the exercise of the elective franchise in the State of New York. If the right to citizenship is established in the State of New York, it is in consequence of the same facts which exist in at least every free State of the Union. We turn from the debates in the State of New York to the nation; and here we find testimony abundant and incontestible, that Free Coloured people are esteemed as citizens by the highest authorities in the United States.

The Constitution of the United States declares "that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the United States."

There is, in this clause of the Constitution, nothing whatever of that watchful malignity which has manifested itself lately in the insertion of the word "*white*" before the term "*citizen*." The word "*white*" was unknown to the framers of the Constitution of the United States in such connections—unknown to the signers of the Declaration of Independence—unknown to the brave men at Bunker Hill, Ticonderoga, and at Red Bank. It is a modern word, brought into use by modern legislation, designed in revolutionary times.

The question of our citizenship came up as a national question, and was settled during the pendency of the Missouri question, in 1820.

It will be remembered that that State presented herself for admission into the Union, with a clause in her Constitution prohibiting the settlement of coloured citizens within her borders. Resistance was made to her admission into the Union, upon that very ground; and it was not until that State receded from her unconstitutional position, that President Monroe declared the admission of Missouri into the Union to be complete.

According to Niles's Register, August 10th, vol. 24, pages 388 and 389, the refusal to admit Missouri into the Union was not withdrawn until the General Assembly of that State, in conformity to a fundamental condition imposed by Congress, had, by an act passed for that purpose, solemnly enacted and declared, "That this State (Missouri) has assented, and does assent, that the fourth clause of the 26th section of the third article of their Constitution should never be construed to authorize the passage of any law, and that no law shall be passed in conformity thereto, by which any citizen of either of the United States shall be excluded from the enjoyment of any of the privileges and immunities to which such citizens are entitled, under the Constitution of the United States."

Upon this action by the State of Missouri, President Monroe proclaimed the admission of Missouri into the Union.

Here, fellow-citizens, we have a recognition of our citizenship by the highest authority of the United States; and here we might rest our claim to citizenship. But there have been services performed, hardships endured, courage displayed by our fathers, which modern American historians forget to record—a knowledge of which is essential to an intelligent judgment of the merits of our people. Thirty years ago, Slavery was less powerful than now: American statesmen were more independent then, than now; and, as a consequence, the black man's patriotism and bravery were more readily recognized. The age of slave-hunting had not then come on. In the memorable debate on the Missouri question, the meritorious [illegible] obtained unexpected mention. The Hon. Wm. Hendricks, who had himself been a soldier of the revolution, and Governor of the State of Massachusetts, made a speech in the Congress of the United States, 12th December, and said: "The question to be determined is, Whether the article in the Constitution of Missouri, requiring the legislature to provide by law, 'that free negroes and mulattoes shall not be admitted into that State,' is, or is not repugnant to that clause of the constitution of the United States which declares 'that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?' This is the question. Those who contend that the article is not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, take the position that free blacks and mulattoes are not citizens. *Now, I invite the gentlemen who maintain this, to go with me and examine this question to its root.* At the early part of the revolutionary war, there were found, in the middle and northern States, many blacks, and other people of colour, capable of bearing arms, a part of them free, and a greater part of them slaves. The freemen entered our ranks with the whites. The time of those who were slaves were purchased by the State, and they were induced to enter the service in consequence of a law, by which, on condition of their serving in the ranks during the war, they were made freemen. In Rhode Island, where their numbers were more considerable, they were formed under the same considerations into a regiment, commanded by white officers; and it is required, in justice to them, to add, that they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defence of Red Bank, in which the black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valour."

"Not only the rights, but the character of these men do not appear to have been understood; nor is it to me, at all extraordinary that gentlemen from other States, in which the condition, character, the moral facilities, and the rights of men of colour differ so widely, should entertain opinions so varient from ours. In Massachusetts, Sir, there are those among them who possess all the virtues which are deemed estimable in civil and social life. They have their public teachers of religion and morality—their schools and other institutions. On anniversaries, which they consider interesting to them, they have their public processions, in all of which they conduct themselves with order and decorum. Now we ask only, that in a disposition to accomodate others, their avowed rights and privileges be not taken from them. If their number be small, and they are feebly represented, we, to whom they are known, are proportionally bound to protect them. But their defence is not founded on their numbers; it rests on the immutable principles of justice. If there be only one family, or a solitary individual who has rights guaranteed to him by the Constitution, whatever may be his colour or complexion, it is not in the power, nor can it be the inclination of Congress to deprive him of them. And I trust, Sir, that the decision on this occasion will show that we will extend good faith even to the blacks."—*Nat. Intelligencer, Jan.* 2, 1821.

The following is an extract from a speech of the Hon. Mr. Morrill, of New Hampshire, delivered, in the United States Senate in the same month, and reported in the *National Intelligencer*, Jan. 11th, 1821.

"Sir, you excluded, not only the citizens from their constitutional privileges and immunities, but also your soldiers of colour, to whom you have given patents of land. You had a company of this description. They have fought your battles. They have defended your country. They have preserved your privileges; but have lost their own. What did you say to them on their enlistment? 'We will give you a monthly compensation, and, at the end of the war, 160 acres of good land, on which you may settle, and by cultivating the soil, spend your declining years in peace and in the enjoyment of those immunities for which you have fought and bled.' Now, Sir, you restrict them, and will not allow them to enjoy the fruit of their labour. Where is the public faith in this case? Did they suppose, with a patent in their hand, declaring their title to land in Missouri, with the seal of the nation and the President's signature affixed thereto, it would be said unto them by any authority you shall not possess the premises? This could never have been anticipated; and yet this must follow if coloured men are not citizens."

Mr. Strong, of New York, said, in the same great debate, "The federal constitution knows but two descriptions of freemen: these are citizens and aliens. Now Congress can naturalize aliens—i. e., persons who owe allegiance to a foreign government. But a slave has no country, and owes no allegiance except to his master. How, then, is he an alien? If restored to his liberty, and made a freeman, what is his national character? It must be determined by the federal constitution, and without reference to policy; for it respects liberty. It is that of a citizen, or alien? But it has been shown that he is not an alien. May we not, therefore, conclude—nay, are we not bound to conclude that he is a citizen of the United States?"

Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, speaking of the coloured people, in Congress, and with reference to the same question, bore this testimony: "They then were (during the Revolution) as they still are, as valuable a part of our population to the Union, as any other equal number of inhabitants. They were, in numerous instances, the pioneers; and in all the labours of your armies, to their hands were owing the erection of the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of our country. Fort Moultrie gave, at an early period the experience and untired valour of our citizens immortality to American arms; and in the Northern States, numerous bodies of them were enrolled, and fought, side by side, with the whites, the battles of the Revolution."

General Jackson, in his celebrated proclamations to the Free Coloured inhabitants of Louisiana, uses these expressions: "*Your* white fellow-citizens;" and again: "*Our* brave *citizens are united*, and *all* contention has ceased *among them*."

FIRST PROCLAMATION.

EXTRACTS.
HEAD QUARTERS, 7th Military Dis't.,
MOBILE, Sept. 21st, 1814.

To the Free Coloured inhabitants of Louisana:

Through a mistaken policy you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights, in which your country is engaged.

This no longer shall exist.

As sons of freedom, you are now called on to defend our most inestimable blessings. As *Americans*, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally round the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear to existence.

Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without remunerating you for the services rendered.

In the sincerity of a soldier, and in the language of truth I address you. To every noble-hearted free man of colour, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty in money and land now received by the white soldiers of the United States, viz.: $124 in money, and 160 acres of land. The non-commissioned officers and privates will also be entitled to *the same* monthly pay and daily rations, and clothes, furnished *to any American soldier*.

The Major General commanding will select officers for your government from your WHITE FELLOW-CITIZENS. Your non-commissioned officers will be selected from yourselves. Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. As a distinct, independent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, *you* will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of *your* countrymen.

ANDREW JACKSON, Major Gen. Commanding.
—*Niles's Register, Dec.* 3, 1814, *Vol.* 7, *p.* 206.

SECOND PROCLAMATION.

To the Free people of Colour:

Soldiers! when on the banks of the Mobile I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your *white* fellow-citizens, I expected much from you; for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy. I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign.

I knew well how you loved your native country, and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what *man* holds most dear—his parents, wife, children, and property. You have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm which leads to the performance of great things.

Soldiers! the President of the United States shall hear how worthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will sign you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble ardour.

The enemy approaches—his vessels cover our lakes—*our brave citizens are united*, and all opposition has ceased among them. Their daily desire is, who shall kill the most enemies, or who the most bravely, the noble coward. By order,

THOMAS BUTLER, Aid-de-Camp.

Such fellow-citizens, is but a sample of a mass of testimony upon which we found our claim to be American citizens. There is, we think, no flaw in the argument. The case is laid out. We and you stand upon this same broad national basis. Whether at home or abroad, we and you owe equal allegiance to the same government—have a right to look for protection on the same ground. We have been born and reared on the same soil; we have been animated by, and have displayed the same patriotic impulses; we have acknowledged and performed the same duty; we have fought and bled in the battles; we have gained and gloried in the same victories; and we are equally entitled to the blessings resulting therefrom.

In view of this array of evidence of services bravely rendered, how base and monstrous would be the ingratitude, should the republic disown us and drive us into exile! how faithless and selfish, should the nation persist in degrading us! But we will not remind you of obligations—we will not appeal to your generous feelings—a naked statement of the case is our best appeal. Having, now, upon the testimony of your own great and venerated names, completely vindicated our rights to be regarded and treated as American citizens, we hope you will now permit us to address you in the plainness of speech, becoming the dignity of American citizens.

Fellow-citizens, we have had, and still have, great wrongs, of which to complain. A heavy and cruel hand has been laid upon us.

As a people, we feel ourselves to be not only deeply injured, but grossly misunderstood. Our white fellow countrymen do not know us. They are strangers to our character, ignorant of our capacity, oblivious of our history and progress, and are misinformed as to the principles and ideas that control and guide us as a people. The great mass of American citizens estimate us as being a characterless and purposeless people; and hence we hold up our heads, if at all, against the withering influence of a nation's scorn and contempt.

It will not be surprising that we are so misunderstood and misread when the motives for misrepresenting us and for degrading us are duly considered. Indeed, it will seem strange, upon such consideration, (and in view of the ten thousand channels through which malign feelings find utterance and influence,) that we have not even fallen lower in public estimation than we have done. For, with the single exception of the Jews, under the whole heavens, there is not to be found a people pursued with a more relentless prejudice and persecution, than are the Free Colored people of the U. S.

Without pretending to have exerted ourselves as we ought, in view of an intelligent understanding of our interest to avert from us the unfavourable opinions and unfriendly action of the American people, we feel that the imputations cast upon us, for our want of intelligence, morality and exalted character, may be mainly accounted for by the injustice we have received at your hands. What stone has been left unturned to degrade us? What hand has refused to fan the flame of popular prejudice against us? What American artist has not carricatured us? What wit has not laughed at us in our wretchedness? What songster has not made merry over our depressed spirits? What press has not ridiculed and contemned us? What pulpit has withheld from our devoted heads its angry lightning, or its sanctimonious hate. Few, few, very few; and that we have borne up with it all—that we have tried to be wise, though denounced by all to be fools—that we have tried to be upright, when all around us have esteemed us as knaves—that we have striven to be gentlemen, although all around us have been teaching us its impossibility—that we have remained here, when all our neighbors have advised us to leave, proves that we possess qualities of head and heart, such as cannot but be commended by impartial men. It is believed, that no other nation on the globe could have made more progress in the midst of such an universal and stringent disparagement. It would humble the proudest, crush the energies of the strongest, and retard the progress of the swiftest. In view of our circumstances, we can, without boasting, thank God, and take courage, having placed ourselves where we may fairly challenge comparison with more highly favored men.

Among the coloured people, we can point, with pride and hope, to men of education and refinement, who have become such, despite of the most unfavourable influences; we can point to mechanics, farmers, merchants, teachers, ministers, doctors, lawyers, editors, and authors, against whose progress the concentrated energies of American prejudice have proved quite unavailing. Now, what is the motive for hindering and discouraging our improvement in this country? The answer is ready. The intelligent and upright free man of colour is an unanswerable argument in favour of liberty, and a killing condemnation of American slavery. It is easily seen that, in proportion to the progress of the free man of colour, in knowledge, temperance, industry, and righteousness, in just that proportion will he endanger the stability of slavery; hence, all the powers of slavery are exerted to prevent the elevation of the free people of colour.

The force of fifteen hundred million dollars is arrayed against us; hence, the *press*, the pulpit, and the platform, against all the natural promptings of uncontaminated manhood, point their deadly missiles of ridicule, scorn and contempt at us; and bid us, on pain of being pierced through and through, to remain in our degradation.

Let the same amount of money be employed against the interest of any other class of persons, however favoured by nature they may be, the result could scarcely be different from that seen in our own case. Such a people would be regarded with aversion, the money-ruled multitude would heap contumely upon them, and money-ruled institutions would proscribe them. Besides this money consideration, fellow-citizens! an explanation of the erroneous opinions, prevalent, concerning us, is furnished in the fact, less creditable to human nature, that men are apt to hate most those whom they have injured most. Having despised us, it is not strange that Americans should seek to render us despicable; having enslaved us, it is natural that they should strive to prove us unfit for freedom; having denounced us as indolent, it is not strange that they should cripple our enterprise; having assumed our inferiority, it would be extraordinary if they sought to surround us with circumstances which would serve to make us direct contradictions to their assumption.

In conclusion, fellow-citizens, while conscious of the immense disadvantages which beset our pathway, and fully appreciating our own weakness, we are encouraged to persevere, in efforts adapted to our improvement, by a firm reliance upon God, and a settled conviction, as immovable as the everlasting hills, that all the truths in the whole universe of God are allied to our cause.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS,
J. M. WHITFIELD,
H. O. WAGONER,
REV. A. N. FREEMAN,
GEORGE B. VASHON.

HON. GERRIT SMITH has sent $1,000 for the relief of the sufferers at Oswego.

IN the annual report, of the Eastern Railroad it is said: "Not the slightest injury has been sustained by any passenger on the road during the year. From July, 1841, to June 30, 1853, a period of twelve years, there have been reported in the cars *nine millions, nine hundred and sixty-six thousand, nine hundred and two passengers*. Of this number not one has been killed in the regular passenger trains, and but three or four slightly injured."

STEAMBOAT CATASTROPHE.—Another river catastrophe casts a gloom over our news columns this morning. The steamboat Empire, while on her downward voyage from Troy, on Saturday morning at 3 o'clock, was run into by a sloop, whereby one of her boilers was thrown overboard, probably exploding as it went, and the boat set on fire. The fire was quickly subdued, but the steam and hot water killed seven persons, and severely scalded about a dozen others. Some were driven overboard, mainly through fear, but how many we cannot tell. Some of the officers of the boat say only three or four; but others report fifteen or twenty; the latter number is probably too large—the former too small. From the evidence adduced, it would appear that the blame rests alone with the navigators of the sloop. It seems that there was a young man at the helm of the sloop, who swears that he did not know starboard from larboard; and there was a man on the look-out who is believed to have been sound asleep, and only awoke when the hot water from the boiler fell upon him. It would be out of place, at this mount, to comment upon these facts; time will show where the blame should fall, and who should be held up as the murderers of these dead men.

Four years ago, the same boat met with a similar collision, and sank in the river, near Newburgh. On that occasion, thirty persons lost their lives. The pilot (now captain) was indicted for manslaughter, but the case has never come before the courts. Some years earlier, the same boat ran into a pier about Twenty-seventh street, and sustained serious damage.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

OUTRAGEOUS ATTEMPT TO OBSTRUCT THE HARLEM CARS.—The downward trains of the Albany express train on the Harlem Railroad have encountered for several evenings past, obstructions placed across the track, near Scarsdale Station, 29 miles from this City. The obstructions consisted of planks or logs laid across the track. Fortunately, however, each time the cow-catcher of the locomotive threw the obstruction from off the track, thus frustrating the wicked design of the fiend who placed it there. On last Wednesday evening the Company, feeling determined to arrest the progress of these obstructions, placed a watchman secreted in the bushes near the spot where the previous obstructions had been made. In this they were successful, as a short time prior to the approach of the express down train, due at 9½ P. M., a man of decent appearance emerged from the woods, rolled down a large sleeper or log upon the track, and commenced to make it fast by placing stakes firmly in the ground, evidently determined that his diabolical purpose should be successful this time. At this moment the watchman emerged from his hiding place, seized hold of the villain while in the act of making the log fast on the rail, and made him a prisoner. The wretch was conveyed to the jail at White Plains and committed for trial. He declines to answer any questions put to him. He is respectably dressed, and declines giving any name, but it is understood to be Charles Andrews. It is supposed his object was to plunder the pockets of the killed and wounded after the catastrophe which he hoped to produce.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1853.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

CELEBRATION

BY THE

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4TH, 1853.

THE NEW YORK (City) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society, will celebrate the approaching Anniversary of WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION, on THURSDAY, August 4th, by a steamboat excursion to FLUSHING, and a public meeting in a grove near the steamboat landing. Parties and families will generally carry their own refreshments, but food will no doubt be for sale at the grove to supply such as may prefer to purchase.

The arrangements as to speakers, music, &c., are not yet perfected, but the Committee will do their best to make the celebration in these particulars worthy of the Society and the cause. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON has positively engaged to be present and to make an address, and HORACE GREELEY is also expected to attend. Other able speakers are, or will be, invited. There will be vocal music by a choir of our coloured friends.

A cordial invitation is extended to all the friends of the slave in New York and vicinity, to unite with us in the celebration. The fare will be 10 cents each way. The steamer, *Island City*, will leave the foot of Fulton street, at 9 A. M., and return at 3 and 6 P. M.

LAUREN WETMORE,
O. H. WELLINGTON,
ROWLAND JOHNSON,
} Committee.

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

MY DEAR FRIEND: You, who like a good show, and never, except by accident, miss of seeing one, doubtless consider that next to the sight thereof is the hearing of it. As with me, you know, it is just the reverse, and that never, except by accident, am I caught in a crowd of sight-seers, you will wonder how it happened that I found myself in the Crystal Palace on Thursday of last week; however, a sort of chance having led me thither, I may as well avail myself of it to give you, if possible, a few moments' entertainment.

New York, I need not tell you, is the place of shows. We can get one up here on the slightest provocation, and are not in the least particular as to the occasion of it. We gave a splendid reception to Father Mathew, and should have been quite as ready to have exceeded it, the next week, in one to those German Barons who entertained Vivian Grey so bountifully, and who admitted no man to their worshipful company who could not quaff off at a draught three or four bottles of champaigne by way of a *supernaculum* after a night's hard drinking. You remember how we went mad over Kossuth, and were ready, for a day or two, to turn our yard-sticks into swords, and our steel-pens into revolvers, for the cause of Hungary. We would have sworn by—instead of plucking, as the irreverent brewers did in London—the beard of Haynau, as though it were the beard of a prophet, had the next steamer brought him among us. Of course, with such a proclivity for 'public occasions,' we could not do otherwise than make one of such an event as the opening of the Crystal Palace; but even a Cynic could hardly complain of us for that.

The share of the great public, however, in the festivities of the day was very small, so far as the Palace was concerned. Their fun was all out of doors, and differed not at all, so far as I know, from any other occasion of civic and military display. Our last great show, if I remember aright, was the funeral of Webster, and, except that there were no hangings of black muslin, fewer flags, and quick steps in place of dead marches, this demonstration was the counterpart of that, as of all other like displays. Now, as always, the people climbed, not indeed to towers and battlements, but up lamp and awning posts, to the tops of fences, and into the crotches of Ailanthus trees—queer fruit, some of it, for the 'Tree of Heaven'—and sat there much of the livelong day, in patient expectation, or else crowded upon the curb-stones, in the sweltering heat, and all for one moment's glimpse of a man who, by good luck, was transported from a village law-office in New Hampshire to the Presidential Chair. The scene was only enlivened by a smart shower, which scattered the populace into all manner of corners, and, I understood, compelled the President to dismount—he seems to have a habit of getting off his horse, one way and another, on important occasions—and only did not disperse the fair-weather soldiery, who, nevertheless, cast longing eyes at inviting awnings and captivating door-ways. The mimic warriors were most thoroughly drenched, and, as I saw some of them afterward about the Palace, were a most bedraggled and nasty-looking set. It is no joke to march through the middle of a New York street at any time, but to do it in a pelting shower is quite equal to storming a battery.

But all this I am telling from hearsay, and newspaper-say, for I saw only so much of it as I could not avoid seeing in walking from the ferry-boat to an omnibus on my way up-town. My sight-seeing was done in the Palace. I was quite as well fitted to be impressed by that edifice as though I were fresh from the 'rural districts,' for it was my first sight of it. Indeed, perhaps I should be ashamed to confess, I had never before been so far up-town—except to go out of it on the Railroads—and saw now, for the first time also, the Croton aqueduct, by the side of which the Palace stands. My ticket took me, according to the direction, in at the Sixth Avenue entrance, and this, I am inclined to think, is the best approach for a first one. If you leave the car, as you ought, directly opposite the gateway, you see the Palace and not the massive stone-work of the Water Works, and lose, therefore, nothing of the beauty of the former by contrast. A flower is beautiful, but not by comparison with an oak, and it is not wise nor just to contrast them. So a stranger who comes to the Exhibition had better avoid, if he can, getting a view of the Palace and the Aqueduct at the same moment.

I really cannot tell you what space the building covers, though, I believe, it is something like five acres; but the first impression I received was not one of size. If it had been, probably I should have found fault with it, as I should have received it only at the expense of the sense of proportion. The sense of space came afterward when I had been in it long enough to accustom my eyes to measure distant objects by those near me. With another meaning, however, I may say that space was the first thing that impressed me—space, that is, for an Exhibition, for there seemed to be almost nothing in the building but a crowd of people. It was, to be sure, a very brilliant crowd, elegant in apparel, well-bred in manners, and animated with gaiety and excitement; but as it was not primarily that I came to see, I looked first for that which I did not see—the Industrial Exhibition. There were banners and other devices to show the sections allotted to different countries and States, but there seemed nothing beneath them. I looked into vistas where I had pictured a dazzling display of works of art, of manufactures,

their own voices—an outbreak of democracy which one could smile at rather than complain of, however evident it was that the musical harmony was rather marred than helped by this noisy proof of the harmony of association. The prayer—I believe Bishop Wainwright read it—was hardly heard beyond those who immediately surrounded him; but, as some one near me said, he 'supposed it was all right.' Mr. Theodore Sedgwick addressed the President of the United States, and he too was inaudible at any distance. It was clear the Palace was not a place for speech-making. The volume of sound must be very great that can fill, and not be swallowed up, in its wide expanse, upward and laterally. But it was evident that Mr. Sedgwick spoke well, so far as manner was concerned, and the matter of his speech was equally to the purpose, as we know from the published report. He did not need to be reminded of Hamlet's advice to the players, for he did not saw the air with his hands, nor tear his passion to rags and tatters. His bearing was full of dignity, and he *looked* like a man who was saying, soberly, elegantly, and chastely, the right word for such an occasion. Now, it may seem invidious to add—and yet my narration, as a truthful one, would be incomplete without it—that in these respects the gentleman who followed him, Mr. Franklin Pierce, no less, was a marked contrast to him. I believe you have never seen our august Chief Magistrate, and will be grieved to learn that, in appearance, he is not far removed from the insignificant. He wants dignity of manner, and is devoid of presence, and, on this occasion, at least, showed a want of self-possession and bearing which, I take it, is unpardonable in a President as the centre of a public ovation. While listening to the address of Mr. Sedgwick, he once or twice raised his hand to his head, as if it ached badly, which clearly it had no right to do, or he no right to know that it did; and his own speech he brought to what seemed a premature close because, he said, he wanted voice, and which was a confession, at such a time, of a want of ideas. Such a confession—and it was quite correct—would have been not so particularly out of the way on the stump, as his manner was better fitted for that position than the one in which he stood as the head of a great nation. Others, perhaps, might see in all this an evidence—according to the cant of the day—of the simplicity of our republican institutions, but it seems to me, if we must make spectacles of our great men, that it should be done in the best manner. Simplicity does not involve a want of dignity or of breeding. However, in all this I was not greatly disappointed, and have not patriotism enough to have been much mortified. I could not help saying mentally to General Peirce: 'I wonder if it ever occurs to you that it was sheer accident, and in no degree your own merit, that put you in the position that makes you the head of this pageant?' As long, however, as we choose to have accidental Presidents, we must not grumble if we find ourselves, in one way and another, like the frogs in the fable.

The ceremony was soon over, and the crowd rapidly dispersed. As I passed out of the Palace, I found a scene around it much more curious, and perhaps hardly less worth seeing than that within it. The *oi polloi* were having their Exhibition in booths where gigantic oxen, pigmy men, bearded girls, and various other monstrosities, were shown at a good deal less than ten dollars the season ticket. Here was New York in its every-day clothes, except where it displayed the dirty trowsers and soaked coats of the bedrenched soldiery; and where it was not in the show-booths, it was doing the best it could to enjoy itself on bad brandy or any other vile liquor that was nearest at hand. But as I did not linger in this purlieu of Vanity Fair, I shall not tire you with any description of it.

QUESTION FOR COLONISATIONISTS.—A writer in *Frederick Douglass's Paper* illustrates the absurdity—nay, the cruelty—of the Colonisation method of elevating and improving the blacks in a very convincing manner, as follows:

Most of the Liberian colonists have gone forth from the Southern States; say six-sevenths of them, that is six thousand. How far they were acclimated is proven in this way: Of the whole number sent to Liberia during the last thirty years, there has been no increase; some 7,000 sent, and the present population only 7,000. Now, had they remained in the slave States in America, their increase would have been 25 per cent., as per census. Hence they have lost 25 per cent., by emigration; pretty hard acclimation, that. In the meantime, the colony has received, in cash from this country, an average of $40,000; in all, $1,200,000. Suppose the same sum had been devoted to the improvement of some 7,000 coloured persons in the land of their birth, giving them instruction as mechanics, artisans, men of business, and as professional men, would they not have advanced farther, and been better able to advance civilization than the 7,000 in Liberia? It is not too late for *us* to begin the experiment.

The Colonisationists are continually telling us that the people of colour *cannot* be elevated *in this country*. To say nothing of the impiety and *Atheism* of the sentiment, its authors should be ashamed of themselves for uttering it, for the reason that they have never made a single earnest effort to *do* that which they so flippantly declare to be impracticable. Nay, worse than that; they have exerted all the power of wealth, learning, high social position, official station, and political and ecclesiastical authority, to keep the poor blacks degraded. If they had earnestly tried some grand scheme for their intellectual and moral improvement, and failed therein from causes inherent in the constitution or the character of the oppressed class; if they had even treated that class with a cold respect, a decent civility, there might be some shadow of an excuse for the assumption above alluded to. In the mouths of those whose heels are upon the necks of the black race, and who turn up their aristocratic noses at every intimation that the negro is a man and a brother, what is it but the very acme of impudence and audacity?

MRS. STOWE AND THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—It is known to most of our readers that Mrs. Stowe was invited to visit Great Britain by the Glasgow *New* Female Anti-Slavery Society—an association formed by persons who seceded from the Glasgow Female Anti-Slavery Society because the latter did not deem it right to withdraw its aid from the American Anti-Slavery Society, merely because that Society had been falsely denounced by sectarian bigots as an 'infidel' association. Mrs. Stowe, in accepting the invitation of the *New* Society, was of course entirely ignorant of its peculiar origin; and if that Society expected, as it probably did, to annihilate its rival by means of her influence and the enthusiasm excited by her visit, it reckoned without its host. Mrs. Stowe kept herself honourably aloof from all party and sectarian plans, and in private intercourse did not hesitate to express her sincere respect for Mr. Garrison and his associates. The correspondence that passed between her and the Glasgow Female Society, copied on our first page, from the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, is worthy of particular notice. Her expression of deep regret that the state of her health would not allow her the pleasure of a personal interview with that Society, and the kind terms in which she alludes to its connection with the American Anti-Slavery Society, show very clearly that she means to deal kindly and honourably with all the friends of the slave, and to become a party to no sectarian ends. This is all that we could ask.

FATHER GAVAZZI'S LIFE AND LECTURES.—Dewitt and Davenport, 162 Nassau street, have sent us a volume of 800 pages, containing a phonographic report of the Lectures delivered in this city by the celebrated Father Gavazzi, together with his Life, corrected and authorized by himself, and the reports of his Addresses in Italian to his countrymen in New York. Price, 50 cents.

NATIONAL COLOURED CONVENTION.—At much inconvenience to ourselves, we gladly yield a large portion of our inside space to the Address adopted by this Convention. When we have said that it is from the pen of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, it will be superfluous to add that it is an able document; and, sanctioned as it is by the delegated wisdom of the Free People of Colour, its claims to public attention need not our endorsement.

The record of the Convention's proceedings, which appeared in the last number of Mr. Douglass's paper, being somewhat confused and imperfect, and evidently not official, we have concluded to wait for a better report. The Convention is admitted, on all hands, to have embodied much talent, and made a highly favourable impression upon the people of Rochester. The resolutions adopted by it we have not yet seen.

JANE TRAINER'S MOTHER.—The child Jane Trainer having been rescued, as our readers have already heard, from the hands of the courtesan who sought to carry her away from the arms of her parents, and being now placed where her morals and education will be cared for, Dr. Pennington, Lewis Tappan and E. D. Culver have issued an appeal for a contribution of $700 to purchase the mother, so that she may come and live with her husband and children. Her master, George F. Kelley of Mobile, offers to sell her for that sum, testifying at the same time that she is "a good woman, and that he believes the husband, Charles Trainer (now at work and supporting himself and child), is "an honest man and a good Christian."

FIRST OF AUGUST IN LONDON.—The (London) *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for July announces that a meeting will be held in London, on Monday, August 1st., to commemorate the Anniversary of Negro Emancipation in the British West Indies, and, what is of equal importance, to give information upon American Slavery. J. MILLER MCKIM, Secretary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, Professor ALLEN, of New York, and WILLIAM WELLS BROWN will be among the speakers. The influence of such a meeting, in the present condition of the public opinion of England, cannot fail to be salutary; and the Abolitionists on this side of the water will wait with anxious interest for the report of its sayings and doings.

THE HELPING HAND: Comprising an Account of *The Home*, for Discharged Female Convicts, and an Appeal in behalf of that Institution. By MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND. Sold for the benefit of the Institution. New York: Charles Scribner, 145 Nassau street.

This work, whose object is sufficiently indicated by its title, and which appears in beautiful typography and binding, is appropriately dedicated as follows:

"TO THE MEMORY OF ISAAC T. HOPPER—One whose long life was given to the unhappy; who would fain have wiped the tears from all eyes, and, like his Divine Master, brought back the disobedient to the wisdom of the just—this little book, which was prepared under his advice and with his approbation, is reverently inscribed."

The History, Uses, Plans and Arrangements of THE HOME, and the claims of the unfortunate class for whose benefit it was established upon the generous sympathy and charity of the public, are impressively set forth by Mrs. Kirkland, in a series of chapters, under the following heads: The Helping Hand; the Prisoner; the Disharged Convict; Re-Commitment; Association for Relief and Aid; Care of Female Convicts; Uses of the Home; Condition of the Female Convict after her discharge; Plan of the Home; Hope of Improvement; Estimate of Success; Instruction; Particulars of the Plan of Reform; Rules for the Government of the Home; What is our Duty? Public Duty; "Encouraging Crime;" Character of the Work; Cases Reported; The Pilgrim; School Report of the Past Year; Executive Committees of the Prison Association; Table, showing the whole number received into the Home from 1845 to 1851 inclusive.

The concluding chapter is a brief but eloquent notice of the life and labours of the venerable man to whom the book is dedicated, and to whose patient and unwearying efforts the success of THE HOME is in a great measure to be ascribed. We can hardly forbear to give our readers extracts from this touching memoir, but the want of space forbids the gratification of a wish inspired by our deep reverence for the memory of our venerable friend.

We must add that Mrs. Kirkland has written this work from no pecuniary motive, but solely for the benefit of *The Home*, to the support of which the whole avails will be scrupulously devoted. We hope it may find many purchasers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—This valuable periodical—one of the very best, in our judgment, that issues from the American Press—comes to us weekly, its ample pages filled with the choicest productions of the current English literature. Office, Tremont street, Boston; 60 Trinity Building, New York.

POLITICS.

GOV. WOOD, of Ohio, having resigned his office for the mission to Valparaiso, Lieut. Governor William Medill has been inaugurated as Governor.

——BOTH the Whig and Democratic candidates for Governor of Tennessee are avowedly in favour of allotting a quarter section of the Public Lands to each *bona fide* settler.

——THE Central Committee of the Democracy of this State have called a Convention to nominate State officers, to be held at Syracuse, Sept 13. The Hunkers, being in a majority in the Committee, adopted resolutions sustaining the Baltimore Platform and that portion of Pierce's Inaugural referring to the Slavery Question and the Fugitive Slave Law. The Barnburners, however, will submit for the sake of the 'spoils.'

——PRESIDENT PIERCE, when shaking hands with Gen. Scott after the ceremonies at the Crystal Palace, is said to have remarked, "Well, General, I never expected that you and I would meet on the same platform," whereupon both laughed heartily. But they did not both get on to the same platform for the first time at the Crystal Palace. That feat was performed at Baltimore, in June, 1852, in a manner disgraceful to both. They may both live to laugh out of the other corners of their mouths!

MUCH IN LITTLE.

WISCONSIN has abolished Capital Punishment. Good. The gallows must go down.

——SLAVES continue to be imported from Africa for Cuba in great numbers, and to be landed at various points on the island by the connivance of those in authority. A letter from Havana to the *Times* speaks of the landing of over 1,000 in two vessels.

——THE *Tribune* says that Hon. Hiram Walden, who gave the only vote in Congress from this State in favour of the Fugitive Slave Law, has received an inspector's berth in the Custom House. The place, adds the same paper, is a small one, but not so small as the vote which earned it.

——THE article in the new Constitution of Indiana which provides that any person who may employ or otherwise encourage any negro or mulatto coming into the State, shall be fined in any sum not less than $10 nor more than $100, is likely, according to the *Christian Press*, to be tested under very novel circumstances. It seems that Rev. C. W. Ruter, of Madison, the Presiding Elder of the Methodist Church of that district, recently employed a coloured minister from Cincinnati, to supply the pulpit of the coloured people under his charge. This being a clear violation of the Constitution, it is said the Rev. gentleman will be indicted at the next term of the Jefferson Circuit Court, and brought before a jury of his country to answer for this violation of law.

——AMONG the public journals which have deprecated the influence of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is *The Friend*, a Quaker Journal, published in Philadelphia, and understood to be in sympathy with that portion of the Orthodox Friends who are generally, called Willburites. Lacking hearty sympathy with the Anti-Slavery cause, it is quite natural that *The Friend* should cloak its indifference to that question by a show of zeal for the support of the Quaker testimony against novels; but in so doing it wars with common sense, and with the best instincts of every well-informed member of its own Society. The idea that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is of hurtful moral tendency, because it is in the form of a novel, could only find entrance into a mind warped and enslaved by the narrowest prejudices. There would be just as much sense in objecting, as one might do on the same ground, to the parables of Jesus; for what is the difference in principle between a parable and a novel? The *British Friend*, as our readers already know by what we have copied from its columns, does not agree with its American namesake. In a recent number it expresses regret that the latter should have so "much to say that is calculated both to discourage the efforts of Abolitionists, and to be acceptable to slaveholders." Some of the sentiments of *The Friend*, it declares, "are perfectly akin to those expressed by slaveholders and pro-slavery ministers." This language a reiteration of that of "the vilest pro-slavery journals in the American Union." The rebuke is well deserved.

ANTI-SLAVERY ITEMS.

THE Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Norristown, in the latter part of October.

——THE Second Decennial Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Sansom street Hall, Philadelphia, on the 3d, 4th and 5th days of December.

——THE Free Soilers in Orange County, Vermont, are anxious to get LUCY STONE into the County as a lecturer, and have raised $100 for that purpose. A very sensible movement on their part.

——THE Presbyterian Church at Pleasant Hill, formerly a part of the Dayton (Ohio) Presbytery, has withdrawn from that Presbytery and from the General Assembly on account of the connection of those bodies with Slavery.

TEMPERANCE.

WISCONSIN will give her voice on the question of a prohibitory law at the next election. If the people say yes, the Legislature will be expected to enact such a law.

——KENTUCKY and Tennessee are stirred by the preliminary throes of a stern agitation for a Prohibitory Liquor Law. The question has been introduced into politics.

——THE *Baltimore Argus* states that the friends of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic in that city are getting up a Convention of Delegates from the various wards, looking to the promotion of their views through the fall elections.

——OLE BULL has done a wise thing in prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in his Colony, in Pennsylvania. The music of his Cremona, even under his own magic touch, is not more delicious than this intelligence, giving promise as it does of a *harmony* in social life not otherwise attainable.

——IRONTON, on the Ohio River, as we learn from the *Tribune*, was begun four years ago next month, by a company of associated capitalists, who bought 350 acres of river bottom and 4,500 acres of hill land for the site, inserting in all their conveyances or leases an express condition that no Intoxicating Liquors should ever be sold on the land so conveyed. This condition has been enforced and respected, so that there is not a rum hole for a loafer to lean against in the place, though it has now 2,500 inhabitants, with four Churches built or being built, a Railroad extending fifteen miles into the Iron region, and soon to be pushed through to the Hillsborough and Parkersburgh Road, 44 miles, bringing it into connection with Philadelphia and Baltimore. Unfinished as it is, and with little business beside the freighting of Coal and Iron Ore, this Road is now paying *eighteen per cent.* on its cost.

——THE *Vermont Chronicle*, published in Windsor County, which gave the largest majority of any County in the State against the ratification of the Maine Law, thus testifies to its beneficent operation:

"When the law was first published, not a few very worthy citizens had doubts about it. In many cases these doubts so far prevailed as to prevent their voting in its favour. But it has now had a brief trial among us. So far as the questions raised respecting it have come before the Courts, it has been sustained as a constitutional law—such as it lies within the just discretion of the Legislature to enact. It has emptied at least three of our county jails. The testimony from every part of the State is, that it operates favourably—that the well-being of the community is promoted by it. Even in Windsor County, where its administration has been in unfriendly hands in a most important particular, and needless inconvenience may have resulted, and where the opposition has been exceedingly active, we believe the conviction of its value has been constantly extending and becoming more fixed. We do not believe that the County is in favour of a repeal."

——THE WHOLE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION is to be held in this city, on the 1st and 2d days days of September. We annex the call.

Whereas, in response to a call for a preliminary meeting of the friends of Temperance in North America, to make arrangements for a World's Temperance Convention in the City of New York, during the World's Fair, a meeting assembled in that City, on the 12th of May, 1853, which assumed the power to exclude several regularly elected Delegates because they were Women;

And Whereas, A portion of the members of that meeting retired from it, regarding it as false both to the letter and the spirit of the call;

The undersigned, consisting in part of such seceding Delegates, hereby invite all those in favour of a WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, *which shall be true to its name*, to meet in the City of New-York, on Thursday and Friday, the 1st and 2d of September next, to consider the present needs of the Temperance Reform.

New York, July 15, 1853.

T. W. Higginson, Mass.	E. H. Chapin, N. Y.
Horace Greeley, N. Y.	Lucy Stone, Mass.
Mary Y. C. Greeley, N. Y.	Samuel J. May, N. Y.
Joshua R. Giddings, Ohio	Oliver Johnson, N. Y.
Francis D. Gage, Miss.	Mary A. W. Johnson, N. Y.
E. L. Snow, N. Y.	Wm. A. White, Wisconsin.
Theodore Parker, Mass.	C. H. A. Dall, Canada West
Artoin. L. Brown, N. Y.	Car'e W. Healy Dall, C. W.
Daniel W. Vaughn, R. I.	Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Mass.
Sam'l. Longfellow, N. Y.	Harriet K. Hunt, Mass.
William S. Balch, N. Y.	W. H. Channing, N. Y.
O. H. Wellington, N. Y.	R. T. Trall, N. Y.
James Mott, Penn.	Sumner Stebbins, Penn.
Lucretia Mott, Penn.	Thomas Chandler, Mich.
Paulina W. Davis, R. I.	Thomas Garrett, Del.
Francis Jackson, Mass.	Wendell Phillips, Mass.
Sidney Peirce, Penn.	Joseph A. Dugdale, Penn.
George Hall, N. Y.	Edward M. Davis, Penn.
Mary C. Vaughn, N. Y.	Isaac Trescott, Ohio.
Melanc'n B. Williams, Ill.	Rowland T. Robinson, Vt.
Erasmus D. Hudson, Mass.	Rachael Robinson, Vt.
Ashby Pearce, Or. Ter.	Lydia Mott, N. Y.
Rowland Johnson, N. Y.	Stephen Grimes, N. J.
Hen'a Wal't Johnson, N. Y.	Mary P. H. Allen, N. Y.
Emily Clark, N. Y.	Elizabeth Hallock, N. Y.
Daniel T. Adams, Me.	M. Fayette Baldwin, N. Y.
C. C. Burleigh, Conn.	Emma L. Baldwin, N. Y.
Gerr't K. Burleigh, Conn.	Andrew Lester, N. Y.
Edward Webb, Del.	William Hun, R. I.
John S. Merrick, N. H.	Joseph Brundage, N. Y.
Cath'e M. Schuyler, Penn.	Ruth Hamblton, Penn.
Ann Powell, N. Y.	James Howe, N. J.
Wm. K. Foster, N. Y.	Eliza P. Gautt, N. J.
S. P. Townsend, N. Y.	Lambert S. Beck, N. Y.
L. N. Fowler, N. Y.	C. B. Le Baron, N. Y.
Lydia F. Fowler, N. Y.	Wm. S. King, Jr. N. Y.
N. A. Calkins, N. Y.	Ira Buckman, Jr., N. Y.
S. B. Wells, N. Y.	Mary S. Rich, N. Y.
P. T. Barnum, N. Y.	J. F. Cleveland, N. Y.
J. W. Kellogg, N. Y.	John Falconer, N. Y.
B. B. Buckman, N. Y.	James O. Bennett, N. Y.
C. B. Wheeler, N. Y.	John Law, N. Y.
Joshua Brown, N. Y.	Susan B. Anthony, N. Y.
N. A. Davis, N. H.	O. C. Coffin, Mass.
Stephen C. Foster, Me.	Francis L. Aud, Cal.
Reed Barnham, N. Y.	Leonard Scott, N. Y.
O. C. Wheeler, Cal.	Samuel Holmes, N. Y.
Wm. McDermott, N. Y.	James Morgan, N. Y.
Morris De Camp, N. Y.	David G. Croly, N. Y.
Geo. F. Colburn, N. Y.	Emily S. Trall, N. Y.
James Cambell, N. Y.	Gilbert Smith, N.Y.

☞ Papers friendly to the Convention are requested to copy the above call.

——Dr. BAILEY, writing from London to his *National Era*, thus exults over the No License vote of Washington City:

"Thank heaven for that! Could they witness what I daily see—the legions of gin-shops here, with men, women, and children, thronging their doors; women drinking in the open streets—spending the earnings of beggary in rum instead of bread—they would never repent their vote. I have never before been so profoundly impressed with the policy of the Maine Liquor Law; never before felt so deeply grateful to the persevering advocates of Temperance in my own country. Intoxicating liquor, in some form or other, is almost universally used in London. You cannot spend a sociable evening with a friend without the decanter being produced; and if you call at a clergyman's house, you are asked to refresh yourself with a glass of wine. It is useless to attempt any reform among the poorer classes, while this bad habit prevails among respectable and wealthy people. This is a lesson long ago learned in America, but they have yet to learn it in England. They do not recognise the truth, that drinking in high places encourages it in low places; that the common use of intoxicating spirits is in itself an evil, an abuse; that temperate leads to intemperate drinking, and is appealed to in mitigation or excuse of its enormity. Ragged-schools, dormitories for the poor, bath houses for the working classes—all are doing a good work; but they can really accomplish very little, comparatively, so long as the poor spend their earnings, waste all their substance, and make brutes of themselves, by gin-drinking. The Temperance movement in England is far behind the times."

——A YOUNG lady, the wife of a Mr. Burrows, of East Killingly, Ct., died a few days since under circumstances connecting the event with the crime of liquor-selling. Her husband's father had gone to a drunkery in the village and become intoxicated. The drunken man's wife went to the drunkery to prevent his getting more liquor and to get him home. Maddened by rum, he became furious, and on reaching his house, took down his gun, loaded it with three balls, and swore he would kill his family and then himself. In the excitement caused by his murderous demonstrations, the daughter-in-law fell into a swoon, apparently, from which she never recovered. A post mortem examination showed that she had died from the rupture of a blood vessel in the head. The rum-seller fled to escape the social and legal consequences of his crime.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent questioneth of the Fourth and giveth his own opinion thereon—Also on the Chinese Empire, fire-crackers, belly-and guns—What he proposeth to do—Why he was not at Abington—Why he would have liked to be there—He telleth of Yankee ingenuity applied to Feast Days—And feareth for another, yet—He defineth his position and vindicateth his patriotism—He glorifieth the Declaration of Independence and its fruits, which he describeth—And praiseth them—His own party and political prospects—He describeth the chastisement of the British Lion by South Carolina—He croweth over it and concludeth his Oration, &c, &c., &c.*

BOSTON, July 12th, 1853.

WHAT'S your opinion of the Fourth of July? I think it's a Humbug, and that those old fellows we Yankees talk so much about in our Speeches might have been better employed than in making such a Feast Day. It is a nuisance to every civilised community. If it was the custom all with the train of horrors that belong properly to itself, we might away with it. But when it must needs make the night before and the night after hideous, into the bargain, it is more than mere common human nature can bear. For my part, I am not at all surprised that the Chinese Empire is tumbling to pieces. Serves it right, too. What business has it to destroy the peace of a whole nation with its fire-crackers? It's worse than all the Abolitionists that ever conspired together. For they never kept people awake all night—except, occasionally, when engaged in the pastime (which, however, like Virtue, has its own reward) of mobbing them. And then that "dreadful bell!" "Evening bells" may be very fine things. Mr. Thomas Moore says they are, and I don't deny that he may be right. But would he have ever written a Melody to "those *Morning* Bells," at four o'clock, *Ante Meridian*, or whatever hour it may be that the Sun has the indecency to rise at, at this season of the year? I don't believe a word of it. Could n't our Revolutionary Sires put forth their Rhetorical Flourish in Mid-Winter instead of Mid-Summer? It would have been just as easy to them, one would think, and would have materially mitigated the horrors of a Yankee holiday. And the cannon, too! as if sleep were not murdered effectually enough, without the help of their brazen throats! Is n't it rather hard to feel the proper degree of compassion for the regiment of killed and wounded, that appear in the next day's Gazette, who fall every year on that bloody day? I think a Maine Law for Gunpowder would not be a bad thing. Now that Mr. Mann has made the way of the Abolitionists to Congress and the Great and General Court "as plain as way to parish church," I may find myself in this last august body, some fine day. If I do, I am resolved to be the Neal Dow of a new Reformation.

I was so unlucky as to miss of the Anti-Slavery Celebration at Abington, this year. I happened, accidentally, to be absent from my post in this City and to be spending the antecedent night in a town about ten miles out, and the Railway on which I depended having changed its hours for that day, only, I missed the Old Colony train and was left behind, dolorous and malcontent. There was another advantage accruing from the little job done in 1776! However, as your last paper contained so good an account of what was done, from the pen, as I apprehend, of one of yourselves, the loss was rather personal to myself than general to the Cause and to the World. If we must have a Fourth of July—if there is really no way in which it can be blotted out of the Calendar—why, it is satisfactory to have so quiet and retired a place as the Grove at Abington to spend it in. And to spend it among people where you hear no nonsense talked. Or, at least, as Dr. Johnson said once, "whose nonsense suits your nonsense." There, at least, one is out of the reach of the dreadful doses, sickening and nauseous, of self-glorification which are poured down the gaping throats of Yankeedom and Paddydom. One has the satisfaction of giving the lie to the Universal Yankee Nation, and (which is the best and the worst of it) of *proving* it, too. But all this I had to muse in silence at home, instead of hearing it voiced aloud to the pines at Abington. On second thoughts, however, I am not sure that it would have been of any use if the Fourth of July had happened to come in the middle of January, as I have suggested above. For we Yankees know a trick worth two of that. You know the Pilgrim Fathers were inconsiderate enough to land on Plymouth rock on the 22d of December. Now this was not only extremely uncomfortable for themselves, but also very inconvenient to their grateful posterity, who wish to keep their memories green in their souls. So their prudent descendants, forewarned by their sufferings, have moved the Twenty-Second of December back to the First of August, when the Pilgrims would have landed, had they known what they were about. They say it was the date of their setting sail? I hope to mercy that they won't go and put the Twenty-Second of February forward into the middle of Summer—from the day when Washington was born to the one when he cut his first teeth!

But let no one accuse me of want of patriotism. I must beg, now that public life is again thrown open to us benighted nonjurors, and that we may look forward to the possibility of serving our Country, at from two to eight dollars *per diem*, according as our services are demanded by the State or the Nation—I say, I must beg not to be misunderstood on this point. Patriotism is as essential an ingredient in the composition of a Public Man, a Statesman, if you please, as Mint of a Julep, Ice of a Sherry-Cobbler, Gin of a Cock-tail, Brandy of a *Smash*, or Saleratus of an *American* loaf of bread. (Ugh!). So I am resolved to define my position in the face of the World and all the rest of Mankind. I acknowledge, gratefully, the vast benefits we derive from the Declaration of Independence, although, I will admit, many of them were not foreseen or imagined by the men that made it. We owe to it that we are free from the galling yoke of a British Aristocracy, resting on ownership of land, and have obtained instead to the gentle sway of an Aristocracy of our own choosing, which rests on ownership of human beings. Is not this a more glorious oligarchy to serve? Are not men more worthy than acres on which to build it? Napoleon once asked an old woman "where she was going in such a hurry?" "To see the Emperor," said she. "Pooh," said he, "what do you want to see him for? He's as great a tyrant as the old kings." "I know that," she replied, "but, at any rate, *he is a tyrant of our own choosing!*" "There," he went on to Las Casas, "there spoke all France, by the mouth of that old woman!" We have achieved this blessing at least, since the Declaration—if our tyrants are as bad as our old ones (or a trifle worse) we have nobody to thank for them but ourselves. Then we owe to it the Glorious Constitution by which this blessing has been secured and the Glorious Union proceeding from it, by which we have the privilege of catching their *niggers* for them and of having them catch and sell ours for us. And then, besides these things, they make it a Penitentiary Offence to bring an action of the National Courts to see whether they have a right to relieve us in this way of our superfluous population. Only think what a check to Litigation! There is no nation under Heaven where we could be thus protected against ourselves. Even the Russians and the Turks are not treated with this parental solicitude by their nursing fathers, the Czar and the Sultan.

And then we have had the control of our own Institutions in our own hands. Had it not been for the American Revolution, the institutions which, as the pious Recorder of New Orleans judicially observed, "are not less dear to us than Religion itself," would have been rent from us. The very Corner-Stone of Free Institutions would have been shivered by the sacrilegious hands of John Bull. Our wives and daughters, as Mr. Clay pathetically prophesied of such a contingency, might have been blacking our boots, at this very moment. Free labour might have been polluting the soil of the Sunny South. And instead of expatiating over the whole boundless Continent as ours, we might have had our powers contracted to some pent-up Utica, not much bigger than the continent of Europe. Texas would have been sitting in darkness, Mexico would never have received the glad tidings of Republican Religion and Civilization, and, in California, American citizens might have been carrying hides on their heads, as did the younger Dana when he went Before the Mast, instead of rocking golden babies in auriferous cradles. There is your true Cradle of Civilization! The Area of Freedom would never have gone on extending as it has, and will, until we have laid our hands on the Horn of the Southern Continent itself, and set those bloody Patagonians to work under a Yankee Overseer (it is enough to make a Freeman's mouth water to read of those big fellows—we would like to eat them, in our fashion, with cat-o'-nine-tail sauce). I say this glorious Extension would not have gone on thus, had it not been for the Fourth of July. No, no! the Union and the Constitution forever, say I! Let no squeamish constituent be afraid of voting for me, from any apprehensions that I may not be sound in this matter. I had *two* votes for Lieutenant Governor last year, and I have *four* pledged to me for the next Election. What other candidate is there that can boast of doubling his party in a single twelvemonth? Come and bow down to the Rising Sun! I shall glorify the Constitution and obtest my loyalty to the Union with the best Whig, Democrat, or even Free Soiler, living, when I am elected.

And there is that last, brightest ray of glory, surpassing any of the boasted halos of our two Wars with England, which has just now irradiated our whole land. Had it not been for the Fourth of July and the *whopping* we gave the British Lion in consequence thereof, should we have ever witnessed the chastisement just bestowed on that pretentious beast by the stout little Empire of South Carolina? She has vindicated her right not only to larruping her own niggers and selling ours, but also that of exercising the same acts of sovereignity over those of Mr. John Bull, into the bargain. That gentleman demurred to this proceeding at first, and even went so far as to point the nose of the British Lion in that direction. The animal in question snarled and growled and showed his teeth, thinking that that would be enough to bring her to terms. But what does that plucky little Sovereignity? She just stepped up to him and cut him over the hind quarters with her cart-whip and it was all up with his lionship. He put his tail between his legs and his nose between his fore-paws and slunk, like a whipped spaniel, into his kennel in the Palace of Westminister! And there he seems like to stay, with the conceit pretty well taken out of him. Now, he wouldn't have put up with this treatment from Jamaica or Barbadoes. This triumph we owe to the Fourth of July. Little South Carolina, who can't even pay her postage bill—we of the Free States paying about twenty thousand dollars every quarter for her share of the deficit of the Slave States—she pulls John Bull by the nose and licks the British Lion as if he were one of her own niggers! General Quattlebum might well retire to private life, after that. The country is now saved from Foreign Interference, for South Carolina's right to make Slaves of British Subjects is allowed by British Statesmen! That is glory enough for one year. This you will accept as my Fourth of July Oration, one being considered essential to constitute a legitimate candidate for the suffrages of the People.—D. Y.

SUMMARY.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.—This veteran in the cause of reform and progress, told us when we met him, a few days since, that for forty weeks past, he averaged six public lectures each week, yet he looked as hale and vigorous as a young man of one-and-twenty. There is a great deal of work in the old hero yet.—*Manchester (N. H.,) Democrat.*

JOHN S. AUSTIN, an active Democratic Hunker politicion of this city, who was engaged in a riot lately at Tammany Hall, wherein Mr. Schell, a prominent barnburner, was beaten almost to death, was sentenced on Saturday to three months imprisonment in the Penitentary. His brother was fined $100.

IS HE CRAZY?—Ira B. Eddy, a spiritualist, of Chicago, has been taken to the Hartford (Ct.) Asylum by his relatives, on the ground of insanity. His spiritual friends insist that he is not only not insane, but *very sane*—that his relatives want his property, and have carried him off without even the form of law. A *habeas corpus* will probably be issued to bring the question to a fair legal test. P. S. He has been set at liberty by the court.

HOW THEY ARE KNOWN.—The following fragment of conversation was overheard the other day, on board a steamboat:

"I met Lord Ellesmere and his party at Niagara, the other day. I knew the ladies were persons of distinction the moment I saw them, because they wore no jewelry, nor any other ornament whatever!"

A DEAR RIDE.—On the 2d of July last a man named Joseph L. Smith got upon the train at the Edgeworth Station on the Saugus Branch Railroad, for a ride to Malden Centre, and on his fare, which was only *five cents*, being demanded refused to pay, and upon several occasions after, on meeting the Conductor of the train, he used insulting language toward him—asking him if a bill had been made out for the amount, &c. This being several times repeated, the Conducteur had the said bill made out in the shape of a warrant, on which Smith was taken before Judge Willard of Charlestown, and fined $5 and costs, amounting in all to a little over *seventeen* dollars.—*Boston Traveller.*

LET THE BLOOMERS ALONE, WILL YE?—A young lady, a Bloomer, recently married at Oriskany, was "horned" by some of the village rowdies. She fired a gun over their heads, and they ran away. Being taunted by some of the villagers with the fact, they resolved to try it over. This they did the next night, and challenged the girl to shoot again, calling her a liar, &c. On this, the young woman fired once more above them; but they laughed her to scorn, and at last, goaded to indignation, she sent a charge of shot rattling about their braneless pates, and wounded, and limping, howling and cursing, they retreated in confusion. The citizens generally sustain the course of the girl, as being quite proper and justifiable.—*Syracuse Chron.*

RESTITUTION.—The Washington County *Post* says a chap in a certain village, with whom he is acquainted, having had *sanded* sugar sold to him, inserted in the weekly paper the following:

"*Notice.*—I purchased of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained *one pound of sand*. If the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven lbs. of good sugar (scripture measure of restitution), I will be satisfied; if not, I shall expose him."

On the following day *nine seven-pound packages of sugar* were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself the person intended.

A PROPER SUBJECT FOR EXCOMMUNICATION.—The New York *National Democrat* gives nearly two columns to prove that Slavery is a most natural thing—that "the planter rules as *naturally* as the negro obeys *instinctively*," that "the relation between them is natural, harmonious and necessary."

We will not join issue with that paper, for has not the Baltimore convention forbidden "agitation?" But we submit that the editor of the *National Democrat* needs looking to. How dare he agitate the Slavery question? The Baltimore platform solemnly forbids him to do so; and here he is spitting on the platform, and practising unqualified treason, with malice aforethought.—*Boston Com.*

COLOURED AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.—A friend in this city has shown us a letter from a coloured lady, who, with her husband and children, has sought a home in old England. It was written to a "New Bedford gentleman of the old school, a true democrat," he tells us, in whose family the writer was for many years employed as a domestic. In speaking of their present situation, and of what they have been able to accomplish for their children, she says: "We have apprenticed two of our sons to learn engineering, and W., the oldest, is studying to be a surgeon and physician. My husband is a clerk in a large mercantile house. We are living comfortably in the pleasant suburbs of Liverpool."—*Boston Com.*

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.—I have been often asked this summer, "Where shall a boy be sent to learn the "Chemistry essential to industrial pursuits, especially Agri- "culture? You tell us that Science is essential to the Par- "mer and manufacturer; will you tell us where it may be ac- "quired?" These questions I have been obliged to answer indifferently; but this necessity exists no longer. I have just visited the laboratory of Prof. E. L. YOUMANS, some four miles west of Saratoga, where on the small but excellently managed farm of his brother, a beginning has already been made in the way of instruction in Chemistry and Geology, with express reference to Scientific Agriculture, and a few boys are already studying, and opportunities are already or will very soon be afforded to half a dozen more. I rejoiced to learn from Prof. Y. that no difficulty has been experienced in awaking each pupil's mind a lively personal interest in the study, making it a source of ready gratification and delight. The charge for board and instruction is but moderate, and I trust the success of this experiment will be such as speedily to impel hundreds of competent chemists and geologists to follow Prof. Y.'s example.—*Horace Greeley.*

DEATHS.

HALLOCK.—In Milton, Ul

Miscellaneous Department.

GENTLEMEN IN HISTOTY.

CICERO defines the Gentiles as those whose ancestors had always been free, and who had never forfeited their civil rights as citizens; there the expression *sine gente* meant those who were ignoble by parentage. Thus the gentleman was a slave-master, who prided himself upon a broad distinction between his free blood and the base blood of his dependents. But the gentleman in those days had many attributes of true gentility. He was an educated man; he had polished and gentle manners at home, and was as brave as a lion abroad on the field of battle. Compared with the *plebs* whom he trod under foot, he was a scholar, and a man with nobler aspirations. First, then, the gentleman in his very early days was not altogether unlike Cincinnatus. In this period of his existence he dropped the plough-handle to lead the Roman legions. He led them to victory, then put aside the sword, and went on with the furrow in which he had left his plough. The trumpets of Rome had no magic notes for him; he was a simple-minded man who did his duty, and was satisfied with the congratulation of his own heart. The gentleman did not long continue to resemble Cincinnatus. He moulded himself to suit the times. For many years he was understood to be a man sprung from a gentle stock, whose necessities did not require labour (except on the battle-field); who would not brook an insult; who valued his honour more than his life; and whose manners were in accordance with those of his contemporary leaders of fashion. He had a stronger admiration for personal courage than for the most splendid scholarship: he loved a strong arm better than a subtle brain. His lady-love preferred to see him a bleeding knight at her feet, rather than a philosopher conquering thought in his closet. And, even now, how many gentle hearts think of him, and wish that he were here, in this present century, with the broken lance buried in his side. He did not learn to read then, but he sat a horse exquisitely.

Presently he began to give a careless glance occasionally at the mysterious letters and the curious crotchets, which, hitherto, he had left in contempt to the care of monks and traders. About this time the gentleman grew into something not remotely resembling that Howard, Earl of Surry, distinguished by Camden as "the first nobleman that illustrated his high birth with the beauty of learning;" who contrived to spread abroad the power of his lance, and to defy the world to find a fairer woman than his Geraldine. Amid all this noise and bombast—this love-sickness and this lance-breaking, he managed to write verses that smoothed with Italian grace the rugged English of the old fathers. Camden repeats of him: "He was acknowledged to be the gallantest man, the politest lover, and the completest gentleman of his time." He and his co-gentles lived in a time when the civilized states were struggling to emerge from the barbarisms of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—when the study of law was coming into rivalry with the practice of arms—when the rude pomp of ancient chivalry was giving way before more rational manners—and Petrarch's songs were drowning the savage din of shields and lances. At this time the gentleman began to show faint signs of weakness, signs indeed that did not in the least raise fears for his safety. And, true enough, he recovered sufficiently to display his ancient lineage; to dabble many times in blood; to play false to many women; to kick aside the alphabet and the grammar; and to love liquor. But he had, taken altogether, improved vastly. He began to keep his hands clean from slaughter, and even to pride himself on the appointments of his apparel.

About this stage in his career the gentleman often put aside his sword and lance, to take up the courtier's wand of office— even to throw down his cloak that his sovereign's feet might not be soiled. All these were signs of approaching dissolution. Men began to meddle with him, and to ask impertinent questions about his qualifications. All his long, long life he had been accustomed to work out his own will with his own sword; to assault any dependent with whom he felt displeased; and, in other ways, to prove his gentility; but now, it seemed, men were arising to doubt whether the little plebian, in his coarse swaddling clothes, was not the natural equal of the little patrician muffled in lace?—whether, by dint of hard study and natural intelligence, little *pleb* might not be a better gentleman than little patrician? These questions were raised when the gentleman of the old leaven was visibly declining, day by day; when coarse oaths no longer fell from his lips; when he could not consume his full quantity of sack; when rust had gathered upon the points of his lances; and when his dependents forgot to place their necks under his gentlemanly foot. In this melancholy time of the gentleman's existence, men began to sum into one dreadful catalogue the dreadful deeds of which he had been guilty. They allowed that, in the intervals to which I have referred—when he became conspicuous for occasional grace or shining virtue—he had done great good to the State; but when, against these few intervals of light, they began to unfold the dark shadows that belonged to the older years of his existence, he began to be looked upon as a monstrosity. It was said that he had committed all the worst actions of a thousand years; that he had seldom respected the women of whose graces he had pretended to say pretty things; that he had sacked cities; had turned his sword against the people; had subjected the interests of tens of thousands to his avarice; had blinded the eyes of the many, that only he and his might take advantage of sunlight. This was a terrible stage in the career of the gentleman: a stage to which the present gentleman sometimes looks back with a feeling of profound commiseration.

About the year sixteen hundred and twenty Henry Peachum published The Compleat Gentleman; and ten years afterwards Richard Brathwait gave to the world his English Gentleman. Brathwait, in his dedicatory preface, holds virtue to be "the greatest signal and symbol of gentry;" while Henry Peachum discoursed learnedly on the heraldic distinctions of gentility. Brathwait says that the gentleman is rather manifested "by goodness of person than by greatnesse of place." "For, however," he continues, "the vulgar honour the purple more than the person, descent more than desert, title than merit—that aduiterate gentility which degenerates from the worth of her ancestors derogates likewise from the birth of her ancestors. And there be such whose infant effeminacie, youthful delicacie, or native liberty, hath estranged them from the knowledge of moral or divine mysteries; so as they may be well compared to the ostrich, who (as the naturall historian reports) hath the wings of an eagle, but never mounts; so have these the eagle of contemplation, being indued with the intellectual faculties of a reasonable soul; yet either intangled with the lightnesses of vanity, or trashed with the heavy poises of self-conceite and singularitie, they never mount above the verge of sensuall pleasure." So far back, then, as the reign of Charles the First men began to assert—to the extreme annoyance of the gentleman—that refinement and moral rectitude were the chief attributes of gentility; that a man might have a great many quarterings and a great many vulgarities; be the son of a lord and the son of a sot.

At this time the vigour of the gentleman began to decline; "I am here," said Brathwait, "to tender unto your honour's judicious view a gentleman quite of another garbe: one, whom education hath made formall enough, without apish formalitie, and conceiving enough without selfe-admiring arroganeie. A good Christian in devout practising, no lesse than zealous professing; yet none of the forwardist in discoursing of religion. For hee observes (as long experience hath brought him to be a judicious observer) that discourse of religion hath so occupied the world, as it hath well neer driven the practice thereof out of the world. Hee esteemes such only happy who are of that number whom the world accounts fooles, but God wise men. He observes the whole fabricke of humane power, and he concludes with the preacher: *Ecquid tam vanum!* He notes how the flesh, becoming obedient, behaveth herselfe as a faithfull servant to the soule: this governeth, the other is governed; this commandeth, the other obeyeth. This is the gentleman whom I have presumed to recommend to your protection; and to you he makes recourse, not so much for shelter as honour; for his title it exempts him from servile bashfulness—being an English gentleman." And then he continues to rate the ancient gentleman on his haughtiness to the "groundlings." He reminds him of his follies and his sensual debasement, and tells him, after Phavorinus, that they who suck sows' milk will love wallowing in the mire.

All these hards things the gentleman of the olden time could not take in good part. He felt that his end was approaching; that for him and for those like him, these subtle reasons and poor phantasies of poetic minds were not proper food; and so he laid aside his lance, broke up his helmet, lowered the crest that had never quivered before a foe, gave his gauntlets to his servants, his jewelled sword-handle to his mistresses, his drinking cup to his oldest retainer, and with a proud look, expired.

The modern gentleman was born in an age of millinery, to succeed the ancient gentleman. In his greenest youth he had the milliner's taste of Charles the Second, the spirit and grace of Rochester, and the vices of both. He only wanted virtue to make him perfect. Yet, had he been virtuous, the gentleman in those days would have cut a sorry figure at Court. At one moment he actually did threaten to become virtuous and patriotic; but he was warned by the axe that gleamed over the heads of Algernon Sidney and Lord William Russell. He prided himself on his smart sayings. He took particular pride in personal adornment; adopted satins and lace and powder, and wore patches. But even then, in his foolish youth, he was a visible improvement upon the elder gentleman. He drank less; he swore less; he treated his inferiors with better grace; and he began to pride himself upon his intellectual accomplishments. Selden, in his Titles of Honour, describes his youth very closely. In default of tournaments, he took to a long credit with his tailor. He laid down laws for the government of his toilette; and finally succeeded in establishing a tyranny which he called Fashion. All this occupied some years; but presently he grew into a shape resembling that of Phillip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. And now I find him describing graceful manners as the great essential for a man of the world, and recommending a course of gentlemanly irregularities. Samuel Johnson, who came across him, said of him, with his severe frown, that he was a wit among lords and a lord among wits; and of his advice, that he taught the morality of a profligate, and the manners of a dancing-master.

But the gentleman, having once become a dandy and a loose courtier, could not long resist those extravagances to which his precepts naturally tended. Accordingly I find him at Bath, the monarch of fashion, in a coach—that would rouse the envy of any Lord Mayor—preceded through the streets by trumpeters, courted by thousands of ladies, and laying down the laws of a ball-room with the arrogance of an autocrat. Here is the Modern Gentleman in his early manhood, in a whito cocked hat, paying for his golden coach at the gaming table; and here, shortly afterwards, is Blackstone, trying his hand at the portrait; "Whosoever studieth the laws of the realm; who studieth in the universities; who professeth the liberal sciences; and (to be short) who can live idly and without manual labour, and well bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and taken for a gentleman."

Thus the true gentleman was not permitted to work, except at the law: he might gamble, but he could not keep accounts; he might repeatedly become bankrupt, but he might not know how to register his debts and assets. The gentleman had money left him that had been made in trade; but he could not be a trader and remain a gentleman. It was reported that one of his relations was in business; and this report would have excluded him from a club at which his name had been proposed, had not a friend explained that although the father was in business, he could assure them on his honour that if the son met the vulgar fellow in the street, he would not so far forget himself as to speak to him. This explanation sufficed; and the junior gentleman became a member of the Salt-Club.

Time wore on—and ventured to touch once more the features of the gentleman. Like the ancient gentleman, he changed with the world. Successively I find him nearly resembling the "most finished gentleman in Europe"—and Beau Brummel. He paraded his gentility in satin smalls, in diamond epaulettes, in designs for coats. If he had faith in anything, it was in clothes. He studied every attitude, until he took off his hat and bowed to the admiration of a most critical world. He was up to the ears in debt, and he looked every inch a prince. When he had no further need of his friends, he put them on one side, as he threw his gloves to his valet. When a question bored him, he answered it with adroit evasion.

But he has survived many of these falsities and absurdities; yet the gentleman of to-day challenges criticism in many respects. Even now he is not very mindful of his debts; unless he contracts them at the gaming-tables. He retains a strong antipathy to retail traders; but waives his objection to trade when the dealer is a rich wholesale man; and has no objection to appear at a police-office. Strange remnants of the ancient gentleman and of the modern gentleman's own youth cling to him still. He has become more liberal; but he still loves to paint his shield up all over his house without showing that he is worthy to wear it.

We have hedged round certain classes with a spurious code of honour; the noble may sneer at the tradesman, and the tradesman pass the sneer on to the mechanic; yet are we wrong if we decide that gentlemen are to be found in every rank—are sheltered as well under a thatch, full of sacred robins, as under a gilded dome? The humble-minded, the enduring, the charitable and the chaste, we may take to be the gentlefolk of the world; and their homes may be the mud-huts that skirt our public roads, as well as the lordly castles which frown from the steepest hills. Who can dissent from Tennyson when he sings—

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood"?

—*Household Words.*

THE NATION OF LONDON.

"IT was a most heavenly day in May of this year (1800), when I first beheld and first entered this mighty wilderness, the city—no! not the city, but the nation—of London. Often since then, at distances of two and three hundred miles or more from this colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power, have I felt the sublime expression of her enormous magnitude in one simple form of ordinary occurrence, viz., in the vast droves of cattle, suppose upon the great north roads, all with their heads directed to London, and expounding the size of the attracting body, together with the force of its attractive power, by the never-ending succession of these droves, and the remoteness from the capital of the lines upon which they are moving. A suction so powerful, felt along radii so vast, and a consciousness, at the same time, that upon other radii still more vast, both by land and by sea, the same suction is operating, night and day, summer and and winter, and hurrying forever into one centre the infinite means needed for her infinite purposes, crowds the imagination with a pomp to which there is nothing corresponding upon this planet, either amongst the things that have been, or the things that are. Or, if any exception there is, it must be sought in ancient Rome. We, upon this occasion, were in an open carriage, and, chiefly (as I imagine) to avoid the dust, we approached London by rural lanes, where any such could be found, or, at least, along by-roads, quiet and shady, collateral to the main roads. In that mode of approach, we missed some features of the sublimity belonging to any of the common approaches upon a main road: we missed the whirl and the uproar, the tumult and the agitation, which continually thicken and thicken throughout the last dozen miles before you reach the suburbs. Already, at three stages' distance (say, forty miles from London), upon some of the greatest roads, the dim presentiment of some vast capital reaches you obscurely, and like a misgiving. This blind sympathy with a mighty but unseen object, some vast magnetic range of Alps, in your neighbourhood, continues to increase, you know not how. Arrived at the last station for changing horses, Barnet, suppose, on one of the north roads, or Hounslow on the western, you no longer think (as in all other places) of naming the next stage; nobody says, on pulling up, 'Horses on to London'—that would sound ludicrous; one mighty idea broods over all minds, making it impossible to suppose any other destination. Launched upon this final stage, you soon begin to feel yourself entering the stream as it were of a Norwegian *maelstrom*; and the stream at length becomes the rush of a cataract. What is meant by the Latin word *trepidatio?* Not anything peculiarly connected with panic; it belongs as much to the hurrying to and fro of a coming battle, as of a coming flight; to a marriage festival as much as to a massacre; *agitation* is the nearest English word. This *trepidation* increases both audibly and visibly at every half mile, pretty much as one may suppose the roar of Niagara and the thrilling of the ground to grow upon the senses in the last ten miles of approach, with the wind in its favour, until at length it would absorb and extinguish all other sounds whatsoever. Finally, for miles before you reach a suburb of London, such as Islington, for instance, a last great sign and augury of the immensity which belongs to the coming metroplis forces itself upon the dullest observer, in the growing sense of his utter insignificence. Everywhere else in England, you yourself, horses, carriage, attendants (if you travel with any), are regarded with attention, perhaps even curiosity: at all events you are seen. But, after passing the final post-house on every avenue to London, for the latter ten or twelve miles, you become aware that you are no longer noticed: nobody sees you; nobody hears you; nobody regards you; you do not even regard yourself. In fact, how should you, at the moment of first ascertaining your own total unimportance in the sum of things—a poor shivering unit in the agregate of human life? Now, for the first time, whatever manner of man you were, or seemed to be at starting, squire or 'squireen,' lord or lordling, and however related to that city, hamlet, or solitary house, from which yesterday or to-day you slipped your cable—beyond disguise you find yourself but one wave in a total Atlantic, one plant (and a parasitical plant besides, needing alien props) in a forest of America.

"These are feelings which do not belong by preference to thoughtful people—far less to people merely sentimental. No man ever was left to himself for the first time in the streets, as yet unknown, of London, but he must have been saddened and mortified, perhaps terrified, by the sense of desertion and utter loneliness which belong to his situation. No loneliness can be like that which weighs upon the heart in the centre of faces never-ending, without voice or utterance for him; eyes innumerable, that have 'no speculation' in their orbs which *he* can understand; and hurrying figures of men and women weaving to and fro, with no apparent purposes intelligible to a stranger, seeming like a mask of maniacs, or, oftentimes, like a pageant of phantoms. The great length of the streets in many quarters of London; the continual opening of transient glimpses into other vistas equally far-stretching, going off at right-angels to the one to which you are traversing; and the murky atmosphere which, settling upon the remoter end of every long avenue, wraps its termination in gloom and uncertainty; all these are circumstances aiding that sense of vastness and illimitable proportions which forever brood over the aspect of London in its interior."—*De Quincey.*

For The Standard.

RICHARD I. IN THE AUSTRIAN PRISON.

UNFAILING walls grow round me, black with hues
Of age, and reeking yet with dungeon damps,
That clot their surface as with great sweat drops.
Over the forest tops, with early ray,
The barely risen sun searches me out
In this imprisoning cell, where human voice,
Saving mine own, hath never stirred the air
Since that I entered. The strong eastern wind
Swells through my iron lattice with low surge
In its unscrupulous freedom, bearing
With its rude gust some gleanings from without;
A breath from hill side, vine-encompassed cot;
A wilful snatch from overladen garden;
A tribute from the field of tilth, and one
From that whose only husbandman is God;
But most, green memories of the eternal woods,
Through which I hear the sough of long, gray arms
Give to the nestling wind a steady growth.
At intervals, the earth's circle made complete,
The solemn moonlight glides into my cell,
And always rests on that stone in the centre.
These, only, mar my quiet, Sun, Moon, Wind,
Save that sometimes I hear the sudden swoop
Of some great eagle, vagrant from his rock.
Yet am I in my natural right a King—
Oh, empty title! where is now thine honour?
Canst rescue now from this enforced strait
The unwilling victim of that kingly claim?
Alas, sad heart! thou canst not curb thy grievings
To any wonted mood; they spring from thee
As arrow from bent bow, or bird from bough.
From the far fields of Palestine I came,
From the blest land that caught the divine feet
Of Him the Nazarene; the Holy City,
Once taken, and once lost, we strove to wrest
Again from unbelieving infidels.
As fitting preface to that crowning act,
Some other hard-fought battles had been ours.
Azotus gained a name not soon to perish,
From that day's work upon her welcome plain.
'Twas after Acre's conquest, thence went we forth
On our exulting route to dear Jerusalem.
The dust of three days' travel scarce had stained us,
Our shields were not yet heavy in the sun,
When Saladin set on his turbaned host,
That, since the march began, had folded round us
As the horizon; as it, too, kept aloof.
Then thrice ten thousand lances leaped in rest,
And thrice ten thousand plumes, borne grandly on,
Streamed to the wind on that first fearful rush,
That sent the Moslems to the mountain base
In one tremendous recoil. Jesu! 'twas
A kingly sight, well worth my vanished crown
To see it o'er again.

How this traitor
Memory doth, from the unsealed Past, revive
Some unwept glory, and, with conning hand,
Beguile us from the instant misery's presence!
Speeding to England from the Sacred War
(For that my realm's confusion made it meet),
I sought to cross the borders of this Austria,
In peasant guise. Sad fortune! captive made,
And cast in prison by the land's great duke,
Here wear I my lone days. Perfidious Austria!
That finds a large revenge in playing jailor
To one that dared rebuke his proud assumption.
Oh, knightly vows foresworn! Oh, common faith
In man, of alliance to a powerless foe,
So tortured from its fealty in this!
What gains he but the scorn of manly hearts?
True knight shall never covet fame like his.
When shall these jealous walls unclose,
When shall this iron guarded door fall back,
And that long-speechless warden ope the way
To breath of air unstrained by iron window?
And thee, far distant, sunny England!
My people of their grievous lords complain,
And sad hopes cherish of their King's return.
So would I, might I but escape these bands
Of chilling stone, as falcon's flight were e'er
So sure and straight as my home course would be.
Who hears my wail? I cry not unto man;
Faileth all hope in him. Who lists my wail?
He whom I fought for on Azotus' plain,
He whom I served with gold and richer blood,
Now, surely, will not desert me. Certes,
It cannot be in this drear cell I die.

CHAT WITH THE CONDUCTOR.

"IT's not often a man loses anything by kindness. I know a little matter of that sort saved my life, and perhaps the lives of many others at the same time."

"How was that?" asked we of our friend Rawlings, the model conductor.

"Why, we had an Irishman on this road watching a tunnel. It was warm weather so he used to get into the tunnel to keep cool. I rather think he used to take a little liquor when he was lonesome; any way, he laid down on the track one day to listen for the cars. He fell asleep, and very imprudently got his head cut off by the express train. Well, there was the last of that Irishman. There was the devil's own row in his shanty when we took the poor fellow up, and got away as soon as we decently could, for you know it's not agreeable to be surrounded with a distracted family when you're neither a doctor nor a preacher.

"Somehow I was always sorry when I passed that place; of course I felt as if—not exactly the same thing—but just as bad might happen to me some day, and then there'd be another row in a family. I told my wife about it, and she sent the family some little things. The widow of the dead Irishman was a Catholic, and, as I was then on a very fast train, I would sometimes take up the old woman on Sunday and carry her to church at Martinsburg. I somehow thought it was a satisfaction to her to go to church, for she had but little chance in this world anyhow. I certainly did not expect to get anything for it in this world, and I expected they had so much scored against me in the other that it would n't amount to anything there.

"That was during the summer. One night the next winter it was very cold, and the mountains were covered with snow; we were running to make time, when, on turning a curve, the engineer saw a waving light on the track, and we soon heard some one ahead shouting. I was then out on the platform. The engineer slacked up and stopped the engine, and we got out and went ahead in the dark to see what was the matter. There it was. A large landslide had fallen across the track, near the shanty of that old Irishwoman. She had built up a large fire and watched for the train, for the curves were so sharp that we might have been upon the slide before we could see it. So, when we run up, there was the old lady, with her calico cap, swinging the chunk of fire like a revolving light-house, and there were the little Irish carrying brush, like so many little beavers. She had watched all that night in the cold. But for her, in another minute we should have run into a pile of dirt and stone as big as Barnum's Hotel. I should have got a 'pit ticket,' certain, for I was on the platform. What would have become of the passengers and train you can guess as well as I can."

We expressed a hope that the old widow had been properly rewarded.

"The passengers made up about eighty dollars; the company afterwards gave her a shanty rent free, the brakemen and engineers bought her a cow, and she made out very well. But when I handed the money to her that night, she said: 'Gintlemen and ladies, I'm thankful, and may ye niver know the want of what ye give me. But what I did was mostly on account of *him* there. He was kind and thoughtful to the poor and the afflicted, and I'd watched till I froze before harrum should have come to him, if I could ha helped it.'"

"D—n the thing, it made me choke right up."

"Passen jars for the Rela-a-y." "Don't forget your umbrella, sir; there might be an explosion, and you'd want it to keep off the cinders." "Let me pass your bandbox, miss." "Take care of your little boy, madam, no insurance on him." "All right! go ahead!"—*Washington Republic.*

Hope is the dream of the vigilant.

JOHN ELLIS, THE INDUSTRIAL AND RAGGED SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE best reformatory treatment for criminal and destitute children, is a subject which is deeply engaging the attention of philanthropists at the present moment. Among those persons who have most nearly attained to a satisfactory solution of this problem is John Ellis, who is by trade a shoemaker. Nine years ago he became a Ragged School Teacher. He closely examined the 2000 poor children who had passed through the Ragged Schools with which he was connected. He watched and questioned them; made himself acquainted with their secrets; studied the causes which led them to commit crime; ascertained the defects of the ordinary system of prison restraint and punishment; and formed the noble and courageous determination to endeavour to reclaim some of the most incorrigible of these unhappy and neglected children. Friends, neighbours, policemen, and city missionaries alike warned him of the impracticability of his scheme; and even the committee of the Ragged School regarded his proposal with disfavour. But the attempt was made. He began in 4th Month, 1848, with three lads, who were pupils in the Brook street Ragged School, in the New Road, London. J. Ellis rightly thought that one cause of their crime was want of employment; "they had never been used to work, and no one had ever taken them by the hand to train them into the way of work." So he employed them at his trade of shoemaking. He supplied them with wholesome food, gave them clothes to wear, and provided them with as many comforts as he possibly could. Each of the three lads had been convicted of crime. One had been several times committed, and had been whipped in jail; the other two were not so criminal, but they had been beggars and very destitute. He at once commenced with a system of freedom and liberty to the lads. He used to go and sit with them for two or three hours a-day, instructing them in the laws of their physical nature, and in the laws of God. His theory is, "If you get the affections, the work is nearly done, and you may mould them as you please." The three boys who were originally admitted, begged him to permit two of their associates to be taken in, that they might be saved from ruin, offering to share their food among them, and to divide three rations into five. The arrangement was made as was desired, nor did the boys repine at their diminished allowance. The number of lads was at length increased to fifteen, but the funds at the disposal of the committee fell off, and J. Ellis's slender resources were severely taxed in his determination to see if these boys could not be reformed.

The worthy treasurer of the Brook street Ragged School, Platt, was in the habit of inviting these boys to his house, by way of affording them an evening's amusement sometimes, that they might not be induced to go to the penny-theatre. A few simple experiments in chemistry, the use of drawing materials, a song or two, or some tricks at conjuring, served to pass a pleasant evening; which, in the language of one of the boys, "beat all the 'gaffs'" (penny theatres). Upon one occasion, David Power, Esq., the Recorder of Ipswich, was invited to meet these ragged children at the house of his friend Platt. He was much struck with J. Ellis's perfect knowledge of the mental peculiarities of the children he had to deal with, and with the simplicity of his own character. In 12th Month, 1851, a conference was held at Birmingham on juvenile delinquency, which was attended by David Power, who stated the result of J. Ellis's experiment with these lads. In 5th and 6th Month, 1852, a select committee of the House of Commons—presided over by E. Baines—was appointed to consider the subject of criminal and destitute delinquency. Dr. Power, in the course of his valuable evidence, called the attention of the committee to the success of J. Ellis's attempts to reclaim boys who were considered by the police to be incorrigible thieves; and, on the 4th of 6th Month, J. Ellis himself was examined by the committee. He was asked what first turned his mind to the reformation of these criminals? He replied, "The power of religion upon the mind." Being asked the secret of his success, he said: "I at once recognised the boys as my children; they looked upon me as their father; and, the latent power of their souls being brought into existence, there was every feeling that I could expect from a child toward me. My principle object always was to put in their power the means of getting a living, by teaching them a business. With regard to their morals, I thought I could not do better than set before them a good example, and I ate with them, drank with them, and slept with them; and I associated myself with them in every way. I showed them the law of the gospel as well as I could. I am not much of a scholar myself, and therefore I could not cultivate their intellects much."

John Ellis was asked by Monckton Miles, M. P., "Have you had any boys that you had been obliged to give up, whom you positively could not reclaim?" His answer was—"*I have never seen such a case;* and I have confidence that, if I had any boy who had his right senses about him, I could reform him."

The Birmingham Conference led Joseph Sturge to seek an interview with Ellis. He was delighted to find so many healthy-looking, happy, and industrious lads at work, as were then assembled in Stebbington street, Oakley Square; and the interview ended in J. Ellis going down to Birmingham, to take charge of some lads who were said to be the most incorrigible young thieves who had ever been in the prisons of that town or the neighbourhood. J. Sturge established a Reformatory Institution for Juvenile Delinquents, in the Rylands Road, Birmingham, which has, since last summer, been under the superintendance of J. Ellis. The institution has consisted of a family group of twenty persons, residing together in three cottages. All the inmates have been of the criminal class except J. Ellis and his son; J. Barkham, field-labourer, and his wife, who has acted as matron. The ages of the sixteen persons of the family who have been criminals vary from twelve to twenty, with the exception of one child of only six-and-a-half, and one young man of twenty-two years of age. J. Ellis employed the inmates in various ways, according to their capacity; and so successful has been his method of treatment that, in the First Month a public meeting was held at Birmingham—Lord Calthorpe in the chair—at which it was determined to establish an industrial institution, to be called the "Birmingham Reformatory Institution" for the care, education, employment, and reformation of destitute, neglected children. —— Adderley, M.P., most liberally offered to build, at Saltley, a house with workshops and dormitories for twenty boys, with space reserved for future additions, and to attach to the building five acres of land. J. Ellis was invited to take the management. The boys who were first under his care at Birmingham, when he commenced the institution established by Joseph Sturge, were last week removed to a small farm in Worcestershire, called the Rye Fields, where J. Ellis is left at liberty to carry out his plans at the expense of Joseph and Charles Sturge. J. Ellis has an excellent agent for Joseph Sturge's department—one of his old acquaintances in London. He has now under his charge fifteen boys, who have been in eight different jails. Some of them were sentenced to be transported, and all of them were wicked and cruel in the extreme. It is not, of course, pretended that these boys are now perfect, but there has never yet been a case of desertion; and thieving, fighting, swearing, quarrelling, gambling, drinking, &c., which use to be the rule, are now the exception. The Reformatory School is supported by Lord Calthorpe, Lord Lyttelton, —— Adderley, and others, who are thoroughly satisfied with the results of J. Ellis's teaching. If the institution should increase—and it appeals for general subscriptions, being open to the reception of criminal boys from all parts of the kingdom, at a very moderate weekly charge—it is not proposed that the first building should be extended, but that similar buildings should be separately added to it, containing from twelve to fifteen boys each, so as to retain the home character of small establishments for the whole institution.

We are informed that John Ellis knows the lads he has to deal with so well, that they do nothing which he does not in some way become acquainted with, so that they think he is almost omniscient. His object appears to be, not good behaviour produced by compulsion and by measures of restraint, but the eliciting and building up of a character in each convicted child, by which he may be able to resist the temptations to which he will be exposed on leaving his roof.

He never orders them to do anything of which he is not the first to set an example. The lads pass their own laws, but he considers himself as much bound by them as they are. For instance, they have a rule that all must be at home at the same hour in the evening. Ellis was himself late on one occasion; the next morning he went without his breakfast, which was the penalty for the breach of the law they had made; notwithstanding the entreaties of the lads that he would make an exception in his own case. On another occasion, they were all occupied in under-draining a field. The work was very laborious, and some of the lads' hands began to blister and bleed; they showed them to Ellis, but he showed them that his hands were bleeding and blistered too, and they resumed their work without a murmur. He is a man of the truest piety and kindness of heart; and all these various attributes and virtues give him an influence over the lads, which leads to the most extraordinary and successful results in the way of reforming them. "And when you speak to him about it all (says a friend of J. Ellis), he always speaks of himself as nothing—as an instrument only—and that all the glory is God's."

John Ellis was born on the 9th of 11th Month, 1809, at Swaffham, of humble but respectable parents. His father enlisted into the 56th regiment, in 1794, and after serving in Holland and the West Indies, was discharged, in 1809, in the city of Cork. He married a native of Ireland, and returned to his native town, where he was sergeant in the Norfolk Volunteers, and sergeant-major in the West Norfolk Local Militia, until the peace which followed Waterloo. He is still living, and in the enjoyment of a small pension. John, who was the third son, was taught the trade of a shoemaker, and came to London about the year 1833, to work for his brother, S. Ellis, of Albany street, where he resided until 6th Month, 1852. In his humble way he has been a great reader, and has especially endeavoured to study the human heart. His friends state that there is an amount of benevolence in his character inconceivable by any but those who are intimately acquainted with him. He has been twice married, and lost his second wife about four years since. He has only one son (by his first wife), now about twelve years old, who has been of great assistance to his father in his reformatory plans. J. Ellis thus describes his system to the Select Committee of the House of Commons:

My system is a system of privilege; I have, perhaps, twenty degrees of privilege, such as favour, food, liberty, indulgence, kindness, and so on. I have quite sufficient rewards and punishments. You must have a system of rewards and punishments, but of mental, not corporal punishment; for if you get hold of the mind, you will find that it is capable of suffering far more than the body. . . . With regard to their labour, I put the boys all on a pivot of their own. I make them move in a circle with regard to their labour. I say to them, "If you do so much labour, all you do over shall be paid for." That was a system they liked, they could gain by this, and, of course, they could get my favour, and food; and a boy that was industrious and willing to do all he could to oblige me would be raised to a better state of work. He would sit near to me at my table, and he would receive marks of favour of different sorts, he would have a better pair of boots made, better clothes, and various other little things that are great things to him; whereas a boy that would not work would not have a penny to spend, nor any clothes. Whenever I saw anything wrong, I have been used to warn them, and say, "Now, do not do that again." Though I never used the rod, or anything else of that sort, there is a feeling in these lads that brings them to perfect submission; they dread my looks, or a frown, or a word from me more than they would dread the lash.—*Band of Hope Review.*

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judg'd that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watch fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart:
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

PLAGIARISING FROM SWEDENBORG.—They say in Sweden, that the table-moving and spirit-rapping phenomena were perfectly familiar to Swedenborg.

—MRS. STOWE is said to have received an offer of $10,000, and half the profits, from Messrs. Constable & Co., to write a temperance tale.

—CAPTAIN ERSKINE'S "Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Pacific" (just published) is conclusive in proving that the greater majority of the Feejean group are still addicted to cannibalism. On the occasion of a visit from islanders paying tribute to the chief of a neighbouring island, it is customary for the latter to give a cannibal banquet!

—A COLLEGE for the education of negroes is to be established at Bermuda. At a meeting of its promoters, the Rev. Hampden Gurney said that "while the college invited those of dark shade, it did not exclude the white; thus a struggle with respect to caste might arise; but when he saw how in the West Indies brown men sat on the bench, he saw that this prejudice was not insuperable." Judge Haliburton expressed his opinion that the institution would be a benefit to the black race; but he would have preferred "not quite so fine a name as college, as that pre-supposed its being devoted to gentlemen"

—THE REV. H. BARRETT, a clergyman of the North of England, exclaims in the course of a pamphlet he has just issued relative to the capitular revenues, "Yes, there are such *things* in the English Church, alone on the whole earth in this, as priest-dandies! Rev. Popinjays! great at concerts; the very soul of a pic-nic; irresistible with the ladies; infallible with himself; the familiar of clubs; the magazine his literature, and his conversation—bosh! See him, the exquisite street-lounger! spotless—as to his linen; faultless—in the tie of a cravat; with mincing gait, 'town-built coat,' his perfumed whiskers, and pale lilac gloves—the priest of the High God. Is it not too horrible? I call such men curates of—yea, verily of one who will see to their preferment."

—CHEAP LITERATURE.—A few months since I was applied to myself to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitous, but at a very small advance upon nothing—and avowedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. However, I accepted the terms conditionally; that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly, I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish me with several commodities at a very trifling per centage above cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher: "Sir—Respectin' your note. Cheap literater be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel—and if so be you or the readin' publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill yourselves."—*Thomas Hood.*

—OUR ANTIPODES.—It is observed in Mr. Lancelott's book upon Australia, just out, that almost everything in nature is, in Australia, the reverse of what it is here. When we have winter, they have summer; when we have day, they have night; we have our feet pressing nearly opposite to their feet; there, too, the compass points to the south; the sun travels along the northern heavens; the plumage of the birds is beautiful, their notes are harsh and strange; the swans are black; the eagles are white; the moles lay eggs; the owls screech and hoot only in the day-time; the cuckoo's song is heard only in the night; the valleys are cool, the mountain-tops are warm; the north winds are hot, the south winds are cold, the east winds are healthy; the bees are without sting; the cherries grow with the stone outside; one of the birds has a broom in his mouth instead of a tongue; another creature (the duck-billed platypus) unites with the body, fur, and habits of a mole, the webbed foot and bill of a duck. Many of the beautiful flowers are without smell; and even the geological formation of the country, as far as ascertained, is most singular.

—THE WAISTS OF AMERICAN LADIES.—The unnatural length and ridiculous smallness of their waists baffle description. A waist that could be spanned is an English metaphorical expression used in a novel, but it is an American fact; and so alarming does it appear to an Englishman, that my first sentiment, on viewing the phenomenon, was one of pity for unfortunate beings who might possibly break off in the middle, like flowers from the stalk, before the evening, concluded. No less extraordinary is the size of the ladies' arms. I saw many which were scarce thicker than moderate-sized walking-sticks. Yet, strange to say, when these ladies pass the age of forty, they frequently attain an enormous size. The whole economy of their structure is then reversed, their waists and arms becoming the thickest parts of the body. Here is a subject worthy the contemplation of the ethnologist. How comes it to pass that the English type—which I presume has not in every case been so affected by the admixture of others as to lose its own identity—how comes it to pass, I say, that the English type is so strangely altered in a few generations? I have heard various hypotheses; amongst others, the habits of the people—the dry climate. The effect of the latter on a European constitution would have appeared to me sufficient to account for the singular conformation, if I had not been persuaded by natives of the country that the small waist is mainly owing to tight-lacing. This practice, it is said, is persevered in to an alarming extent; and, if report be true, it is to be feared that the effects will be felt by future generations to a greater degree than they are at present.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

—FEW terms in the English language are taken in so contumelious and insulting a sense as shopboy, shopwalker, or counter-jumper; the press